

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE MIRRORS ON THE MOUNTAINS

SUCH GOOD FUN HOW A PROFESSOR ENJOYS HIMSELF

Timing a Journey Seven Times Round the World in a Second NEW KNOWLEDGE OF THE SPEED OF LIGHT

The new knowledge discovered of the speed of light, now proved by Professor Michelson to be (so far as we can tell yet) 186,300 miles a second, has already been stated in the C.N. The rate is equal to travelling more than seven times round the Earth at the Equator in a single second.

We now can tell how he did it, but nobody would guess the answer he gave when someone asked him why he did it. "Oh," said he, with a smile, "because it was such good fun!"

He added that this year he was going to try to get the speed even more accurately. Last year the forest fires in California, where his instruments were set up, made the air hazy, and consequently he was not able to repeat his experiments as often as he wished. His result may therefore be wrong by about 20 miles a second, though not more. He thinks it will be such good fun to get it more exact.

How It is Done

Anyone can understand the way the thing is done, though there are few in the world who could imitate the Professor's accuracy. He sets up a strong electric light on Mount Wilson inside an eight-sided mirror which can be spun round. On Mount Wilson, it may be mentioned, is the solar observatory of the Carnegie Institution which was erected in 1904. Twenty-two miles away on Mount Antonio is another mirror facing that on Mount Wilson.

What Professor Michelson measures is the time it takes the beam of light to travel from Mount Wilson to Mount Antonio and back again. Everything is very exact: the distance between the two mirrors on the mountains has been measured to the exactitude of two parts in a million.

What Happens to a Beam of Light

The angles between the sides of the eight-sided mirror on Mount Wilson have also been measured so as to be exactly the same to one part in a million. The eight-sided mirror spins 530 times a second. It is regulated by means of a tuning fork.

The beam of light starts from a hole in one face of the spinning mirror, crosses the valley, is reflected from the Mount Antonio mirror, and comes back again. But it does not fall on the same face of the mirror, because that face has spun away. It falls on another face. It is by finding exactly where it falls, after the lapse of the small fraction of a second in which one face of the spinning mirror follows another, that Professor Michelson knows exactly how long the beam of light has been on its 44-mile journey.

The Stilt Man Goes Skating



The winter sports of Switzerland and Norway are being more and more developed, and very remarkable feats in expert skating are to be seen performed daily. Here is a champion skater skimming over the ice at a high speed on a new form of skate, the stilt skate

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT

THE Susan B., a three-masted schooner (Captain L. B. Bishop), went down lately in a storm off the coast of Maine.

Boats were got off, and in the last of them were the old captain and his wife and their niece Kate, a slip of a girl eighteen years old.

There were four men to pull the oars of the little open boat, and life and safety seemed far away in that terrible sea. But, though the men were stricken to exhaustion by the unending effort to keep the boat's head to the waves, none thought of giving up. Katie could do no good with the oars; so what she did was to sing.

Her clear young voice rose above the shriek of the storm, and the sailors set their teeth and tugged harder. They could not let this brave girl drown.

It was Katie who stripped off first her skirt and then her blouse to soak them in oil, and set a light to them for a

beacon during that wild night, while she shivered in a thin sweater. The night passed and no ship saw the light.

Morning came and still the men laboured at the oars, and Katie cheered them on. At last they could do no more; they fell helplessly over the oars and lay there still. Luckily the sea was going down.

Then, when it seemed that another night must overtake them and no succour could reach them, a ship came in sight. Katie saw it; and it was she who, weak and exhausted as she was, heaved up an oar with a signalling blanket tacked to its side. The steamship City of Atlanta saw the signal and saved the castaways.

But the real saver was the girl who sang, and who, unlike the sirens of old who lured sailors to destruction, brought her fellow sailors to safety with her song and her brave spirit.

POOR OLD MAN TRYING TO BE A TITIAN

The Masterpiece that Somehow
Will Not Come

AT WORK AT 92

There is a poor old man in London who has been trying for nearly forty years to be a Titian and paint a masterpiece.

When a kind friend found him out, after some search, he was living in a basement in Bloomsbury—a boarded cellar, which was, in turn, bedroom, living-room, and workshop.

The old man, who is nearly 92, is called Alexander Grossman. He is a native of Hungary, came to England seventy years ago, and made his mark as a good photographer. His work became known, and very soon he was able to put the words "Photographer to the Royal Family" on his papers.

Dreams of Greatness

In the year of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria Grossman was invited to go to Aldershot to see the military pageant and parade. The sight inspired him to paint a picture. He got a large canvas, seventeen feet by six feet, and set to work. Everything had to go in.

With joy unspeakable and high hopes of fame, the photographer-turned-artist worked away at the big canvas. Here, he felt, in his picture of the Jubilee parade, was to be one of the masterpieces of England, and his own crowning glory. He imagined it finished, and members of the Royal Family trooping into his studio to admire it; all London watching him, and saying, "There is that great man Grossman. Do you see? He painted the finest picture of the year—the Aldershot show."

The photography went on just the same. Years passed. When the picture was still half finished life turned sour for the would-be artist of renown. He became involved in money troubles, grew poorer and less fortunate, and quietly slipped out of the fashionable world of London.

A Basement in Bloomsbury

The photographer to the Royal Family was known no more. Obscurity swallowed him up.

During the last seventeen years Grossman has been earning his living mending clocks in the cellar-room. The masterpiece had accompanied him in his wanderings, still half finished. It stood rolled up behind the bed in the little apartment where, the tenant sadly remarked, "It is too dark for an old man like me to paint."

From this prison-like retreat a kind friend has rescued the one-time photographer to the Royal Family. Grossman has taken his unfinished picture, his still remembered dreams of greatness, into a kinder dwelling, and he hopes now to take up his brushes again, and—who knows?—paint the picture of the year.

POLAND SETS A GREAT EXAMPLE

FIRST ALLY TO PAY HER DEBTS TO BRITAIN

A Little School in the Mountains with Two C.N. Places

WHAT SIX GIRLS ARE DOING

Poland has set a noble example to the world. She is the first of all Great Britain's Allies in the war to begin to pay her debts.

We deal elsewhere this week with the question of the unpaid war debts of our Allies. They make up a burden under which the back of the British taxpayer is almost breaking.

So far the great nations to whom we lent money, and for whom we borrowed money, in order to carry on the war, have made no attempt to repay us, and it is a striking thing that the first repayment should come from Poland, perhaps the greatest single sufferer in the war, perhaps the poorest, and certainly the last nation to get out of it.

Just to the Last Penny

The Polish debt to Britain is four and a half million pounds, and not only has she arranged to pay off this sum in the next fifteen years, but she has added the unpaid interest to the total sum, intending to be just to the last penny. The terms of repayment are actually more favourable to Britain than the terms given to us by the richest nation in the world, America.

The C.N. has peculiar pleasure in putting this action of Poland on record, because it shows that the spirit of the Polish people, the determination to rise out of their miseries into greatness, is shared by the Polish Government.

Guides and Builders Too

As C.N. readers know, the Girl Guide Movement has made immense strides in Poland under the inspiration of the Chief Guide for that country, Madame Malkowska. Madame Malkowska, with the help of a small number of Girl Guides, is now realising one of the dreams of her life by building a little school in the Polish mountains which shall be used as an international camping-ground for Guides of all countries, and she asks us to thank some unknown reader of the C.N. who has generously sent her five pounds towards the cost of this school.

The gift has greatly cheered the little builders, and we shall be very pleased if any other readers will help this most deserving school in the same way. The walls are up and the roof is on, the fruit trees are planted in the orchard and the currants and gooseberries in the garden, lilacs and roses are rooting themselves, and in the spring it will be possible for the school to open.

A Centre of Friendliness

It will be one more centre of friendliness in the world, another little magnet to draw the hearts of the peoples together, and we are delighted to announce that two places will be kept open in the school for C.N. readers during one month in every summer. They will be able to camp in the school grounds or stay in the house, as they please, entirely free of cost. The address of the school is Czorsztyn, via Krakow, Poland, and letters sent there will reach Madame Malkowska.

It will be a great encouragement to the little citizens of this poor country struggling back to happiness if some of our readers will lend a helping hand to these five or six Girl Guides who are setting up this school with their own hands, with very little help from anyone, but with a great hope in their hearts that their work will bear fruit, not ten, not twenty, but a hundredfold.

DARBY AND JOAN

Why Do They Grow Alike?

How often it is that Grandfather and Grandmother, as the peaceful years pass over them, seem to grow more like!

In a recent lecture on heredity, a lady has been offering as an explanation that perhaps the long communion of thought between those who had shared life's joys and troubles together gave to their faces the same expression. They thought alike and so they looked alike.

If we could see the inward faces of those old couples who, like John Anderson and his wife,

Have climbed the hill together,
And many a happy day, lad,
Have had with one another,

we might find a resemblance that would altogether hide the mere differences of feature. Hope and sorrow, joy and anxiety—these are the things which leave their imprint on our faces. When two people share them, the sympathetic hand of Time the sculptor moulds their faces in the same way.

The Boy Who Won Fame and Did Not Know It

The stirring story of how a Dulwich schoolboy dreamed of fame and how he won it *never to know of it* is told in this week's Children's Pictorial, now on all bookstalls.

The C.P. is a splendid picture supplement to the C.N., and contains every week nearly a hundred pictures of things full of absorbing interest in all parts of the world.

This week's issue has a full page of pictures showing new things and new ideas on our railways; the week's wild life is told in pictures; and another valuable feature is a Picture Journey Round the World.

There is a big instalment of a thrilling serial and a page of merri-ment in picture and letterpress.

The C.P. is published every Tuesday at twopence.

A MASTER OF COLOUR Artist Inspired by the East

By the death of Leon Bakst the art of the stage loses one of its greatest figures.

Bakst was a Russian, of Jewish origin, and was famous in Russia for his stage costumes and designs long before he won fame in the rest of Europe. It was the joyous spirit of delight in gay colours, and the brilliant imagination, fed upon the tales of old-time glory in forgotten empires of the East, that inspired this fine artist.

Colour was life to him. He caught it up from the bright clothes of the Russian villagers and country townsfolk, and from all he had heard and seen and read of it in the sunlit East. The past glories of dead and forgotten empires lived again in his brush. He took a story from the Arabian Nights and built round it a ballet which familiarised thousands with designs and colour-schemes embodying the brilliant yellows, reds, purples, and peacock-blues of the East. Russian decoration, as Bakst introduced it, became the fashion even in Great Britain, in clothes, in upholstery, in wall-paper, and in china ornaments.

In a climate like our own, where we do not see the Sun as often as we could wish, fashions tend to be drab and colourless, and no praise can be too great for the man who teaches us to worship the light and warmth of life and to express it in our surroundings, even when the Sun is hidden behind the wintry clouds.

THE STEEL BAR THAT GOT TIRED

Five Years of Hard Labour WHY AN ENGINE BROKE DOWN

For five years the draw-bar which joined an engine of a London, Midland, and Scottish locomotive to its tender supported the strain of towing 800 tons of goods wagons, and then broke a few weeks ago.

It was an accident which none foresaw, and it caused the deaths of the engine-driver and his fireman. At the inquiry it was said that the long-continued strain of the five years hauling had fatigued the steel. The draw-bar was made with no flaw. The work had been too much for it. It had broken down as a man breaks down with a tired heart.

There is nothing new in this. Steel can be tired, just as the elastic band of an umbrella tires, losing its elasticity and its life. But, while the elastic band can be seen to sag and change its character, the steel looks the same. It is only by scientific examination that the weakness of its constitution can be discovered.

Weakness in Skyscrapers

It is not only the steel of draw-bars which have to sustain heavy pulls for years, but the steel which lines concrete buildings and supports great pressures, which becomes tired. Some of the giant skyscrapers of New York have shown this weakness in their vitals. It has become necessary to examine the steel of the structure from time to time to see how it is faring.

The science of the fatigue of metals has been especially studied by Professor E. G. Coker, of London University, who, by making a transparent substance corresponding to the steel and examining it in many ingenious ways, can see whether the arrangements of its molecules has been altered. Strain, long continued, either of pressure or of pull, can be shown to alter the structure of the steel. When it alters in certain peculiar ways the bar or the girder is so tired that it has reached the point of collapse.

OSLO

Another Change in Geography

With the incoming of the New Year Norway changed the name of its capital city. What was Christiania is now Oslo.

The historical points affecting the changed name of the Norwegian capital are that the original name of the place was Oslo. It was founded in 1048 by the Norwegian King Harold Hardrada, who 18 years later invaded England, and was killed and his army defeated by King Harold, at Stamford Bridge.

Oslo remained Oslo till 1624. At that time Denmark and Norway were under the same king, and Copenhagen was the joint capital; but the king sought to please his Norwegian subjects by establishing a capital for them, and this he made at Oslo, and called it after his own name.

Now Norway, by changing the name back from Christiania to Oslo, has removed what had for 300 years been a sign of its old connection with Denmark.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

500 Rembrandt etchings . . .	£34,173
15th-century Book of Hours . .	£760
1st edition of Pickwick Papers .	£700
Audubon's Birds of America . .	£620
A 1523 Persian MS.	£400
MS. written by Burns	£340
Panel of Louis XIV needlework .	£326
William and Mary chair	£210
A Queen Anne teapot	£149
A Tudor cabinet, 1500	£105
Autograph letter of Burns . .	£90
1st edition of Oliver Twist . .	£88

All records for etchings and engravings have been broken by the sale of one Rembrandt etching for £3780.

EXPLODING AN ATOM

DR. WALL'S MAGNETIC WRENCH

The Vast Forces Within a Speck of Matter

CAN THEY BE SPLIT UP?

Ever since radium atoms were found to be exploding, experimenters, of whom Dr. J. F. Wall of Sheffield University is one of the latest, have been trying to burst open other atoms which are less changeable.

Dr. Wall's way is a little different from that of some others. Sir Ernest Rutherford, for example, pours what is in effect a great rush of electrons into the atoms of gases, and has knocked atoms of nitrogen apart in this way. Professor Miethic, in Germany, believes he has gone farther, and so altered atoms of mercury by the bombardment that some of the fragments joined themselves up again into atoms of gold.

The Atom's Solar System

Dr. Wall, when he wants to alter the atoms of a substance, takes the substance and puts it inside a coil round which courses a very heavy electric current of 40,000 amperes. Thus a very powerful magnetic effect is created, the intention of which is to wring the atom apart.

By wringing the atom apart, or by transmuting it in any way, the experimenters imagine themselves as disturbing what has been called the solar system of the atom. The atom has a sort of nucleus for a sun and electrons for planets. Dr. Wall believes that his magnetic fields can break up such a system as this. Critics of his experiments say that perhaps he may disturb the planets, but he cannot and does not move the sun.

A Magnetic Twist

While the nucleus of the atom remains calm, all the disturbances of the planets go for nothing. The electric bombardment may knock them out of their path. Dr. Wall's magnetic twist may be able to wrench them apart, but they will return to their old courses. The atom's planetary system will remain a going concern.

That is the difficulty, and that is the problem against which science is trying all its weapons. If the sun of the atom could be dislocated the vast forces which hold the planetary system of the atom would be loosened, there would be an explosion, and the atom's sun itself would burst.

At present no more force can be got out of the atom than the experimenter puts in. But Dr. Wall hopes he may burst the atom with electrons, just as man learned years ago by accident to burst the molecule into atoms, as in the case of explosives.

FLYING Human Courage Strong and Hopeful

The sad air accident which cast a gloom on the departing year brought us a reminder that human courage is so strong that it will never be daunted.

Though one flight of holiday-makers had perished in a few seconds, no one who had booked drew back from the later flights.

Probably man is the bravest of all created things. He knows and dares. By daring have come, since the beginning of days, the greatest triumphs of the human race; and greater ease, with wider knowledge, has not sapped, but has rather strengthened, that quality.

OUR MUSIC

England's Growing Reputation

A FAMOUS FESTIVAL

By Our Music Correspondent

For years it was the fashion in England to decry all English efforts at musical expression. It was commonly believed that we could not compare our musicianship with that of Continental nations.

Until not long ago we believed we had no Folk Music—the natural musical expression of the people; the brilliance of the Italian operatic singers, and the genius of the great German masters of music, entirely overwhelmed us, and in humility we belittled our own work and were prepared to welcome as our musical superior anyone bearing a foreign name. That being so, it is not surprising that other nations accepted us at our own valuation, and no doubt it is true, as was stated recently, that many people on the Continent regard England as "the land without music." They believe we do not know how to sing.

If we examine our musical history we shall find ample ground for rating our musical abilities considerably higher; but it is perhaps in the possession of old-established, vigorous, and efficient Choral Societies that England is most rich. Such an institution as the Three Choirs Festival, for instance, cannot be found on the Continent.

Meeting of the Choirs

The Festival was established in 1715, and the Three Cathedral Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester have for over two centuries met together each year at Hereford, Gloucester, or Worcester, to hold it. With a splendid choir and orchestra the great standard oratorios are given, as well as the modern works of English and Continental composers, for foreign composers have written asking that their works might be performed at the Three Choirs Festival.

Dr. Bisse in 1724 foresaw that the Festival might exist for generations "to the furtherance of God's glory, the improvement of our choirs, and the credit of our foundations," and his vision has proved correct.

In such ways England has shown true love for good music, and ability to give expression to it, and we can be justly proud of our musical record. Nations on the Continent are showing a more just appreciation of our musical worth by their desire to have their works performed by English musicians in England.

FEEDING A SPIDER

A Zoo Silk-Spinner Growing Three New Legs

No web is finer and stronger than that which is woven by the African silk spider, which the French Government hope to turn one day into a useful member of society.

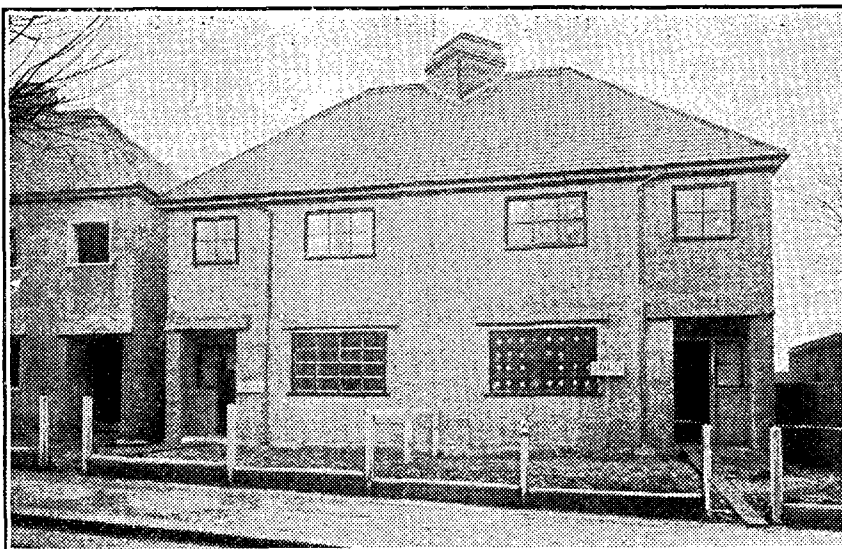
They are trying to find out a way to weave the strands of the silk it makes without getting them broken, and large sums have been spent on experiments in this direction, with a certain amount of success. But the success is not by any means complete.

Meanwhile there is an African silk spider in the Zoo which owes a great deal of his present happiness to his keeper. He had been unfortunate enough to lose three legs, and was unable to grasp his prey; but Keeper Brown, who is very fond of his insect friends, fed the little fellow with food held in tweezers, and thus saved him from starvation.

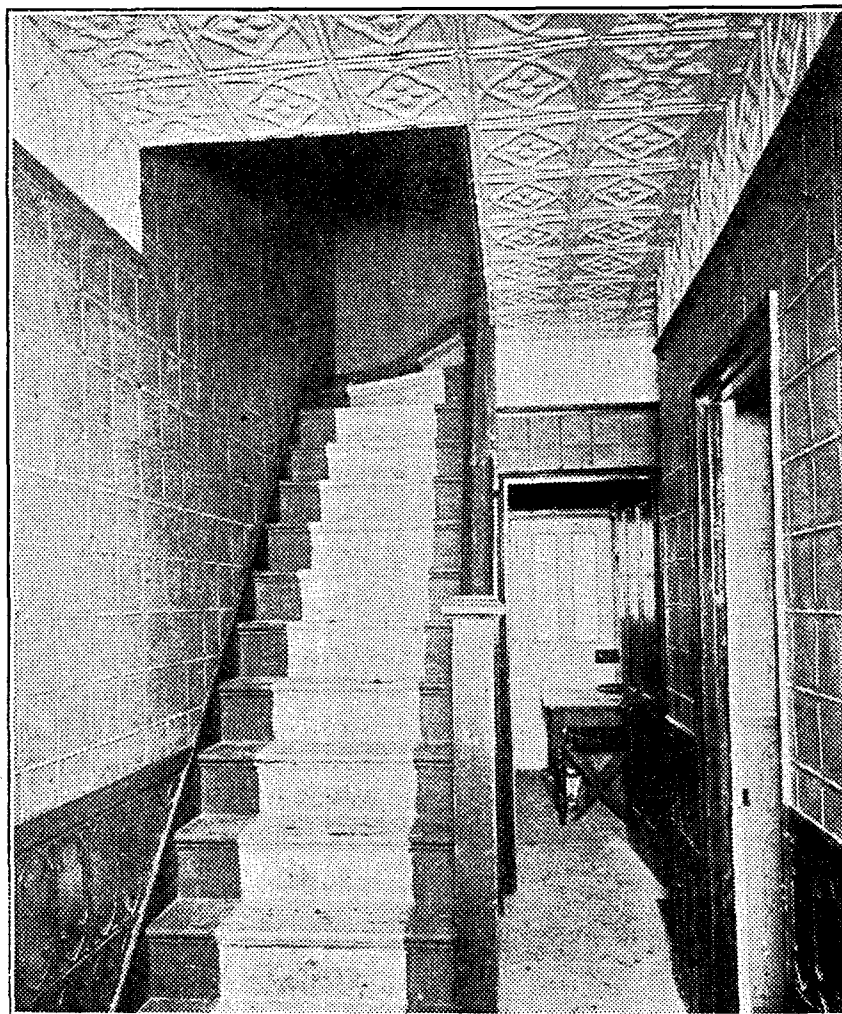
Now the spider is almost himself again, and when he next changes his skin he will find that three new legs have grown in the place of those he lost.

Keeper Brown's way of calling the spider to meals was by striking a tuning fork and holding it against the strands of the web. On hearing the buzzing noise down came Mr. Spider to dinner.

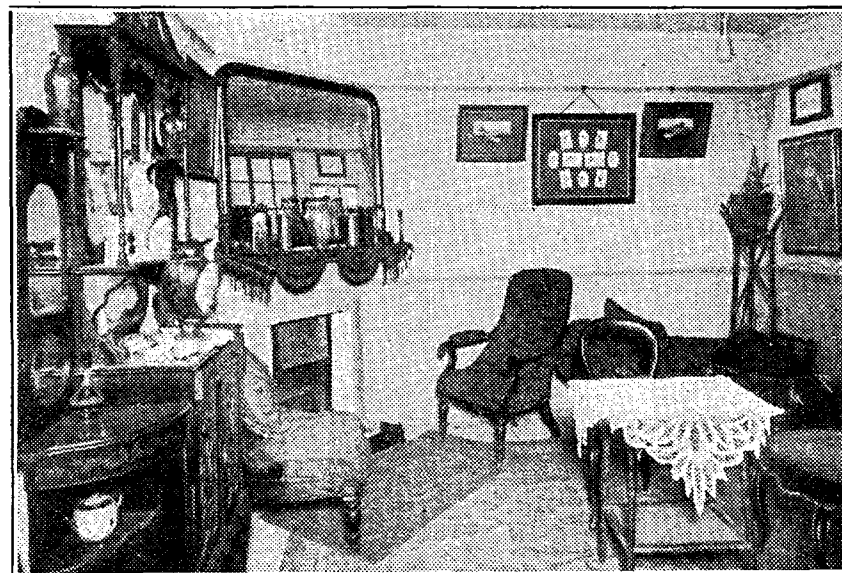
THE STEEL HOUSES OF ENGLAND



An outside view of the steel houses



The hall and staircase, showing the steel walls



The inside of one of the rooms

Owing to the difficulty of getting brick houses built, attempts are being made to obtain houses of other materials, and at the present time a number of steel houses are being erected in different parts of the country. These can be made and erected for about half the price of brick, and, as can be seen here, are quite comfortable

CANAL'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

Panama Has Saved 200 Million Miles

DREAM OF COLUMBUS COME TRUE

On the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal, which has recently been reached, it was announced that more than 25,000 vessels had passed through this waterway from one ocean to the other, and a fifth of the total number had used the canal in the last year.

The year's tolls amounted to £5,000,000, compared with £850,000 in 1915, and the total distance saved by the vessels using the canal has been nearly 200 million miles.

The Canal will soon be a very profitable business enterprise, for in the last year for which figures have been completed the total cost of working it came to only one third of the gross receipts paid by ships passing through. There will soon be a very handsome return every year on the immense amount of capital invested in the Canal.

When the new plans for bigger locks have been carried out, great ships like the Majestic and the Leviathan will be able to pass through from ocean to ocean quite easily.

After Four Hundred Years

It was Columbus who first dreamed of a way through to India and the East, and on his fourth and last voyage he sailed into a Central American bay looking for a strait. But Nature had made no Panama Canal; that was a task left for man to carry out. Over four hundred years passed before the Canal was made and the dream of Columbus came true. The Atlantic terminus of the Panama Canal is in that Central American bay, Limon Bay, into which Columbus sailed seeking for a way through to the East Indies.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing the Canal has done is to make Vancouver a great ocean wheat port for western Canada. When ships had to travel round the American continent it was impossible to send the Canadian wheat crop to Europe by Vancouver, the distance being too great and too costly. The wheat had to be sent across Canada by rail and shipped for Europe at the Atlantic ports.

With the opening of the Panama Canal, however, and the enormous shortening of the journey to Europe, it became cheaper to send the grain by rail the short distance to the Pacific, and then by ship through the Canal. As a consequence Vancouver has grown by leaps and bounds.

POWER IN A PINCH OF SALT

Professor's Idea of Storing It

Professor Donnan, of University College, London, has made a remarkable suggestion for storing power.

The only two practical ways we have at present are by means of electric storage batteries, and by storing water in reservoirs which can be used at will to drive turbines. Power can be stored for short periods in the form of superheated steam, and so on, but Professor Donnan's idea is one by which huge amounts of energy could be prepared, kept for any length of time, and released at will.

The idea is simply to split up common salt into its two parts (chlorine and sodium) by means of an electric current. It could be done very cheaply at places where water power is abundant. The sodium and chlorine, when mixed together again in suitable receptacles, would instantly combine and give immense heat, which is, of course, one form of power. The sodium, also, on being mixed with water, would liberate hydrogen gas, which could be used for burning to produce heat, or for feeding motor engines.

A GREAT ENEMY TO FIGHT

AND HOW THE LEAGUE IS FIGHTING IT

A War with its Headquarters at Geneva

WHAT IS BEING DONE

By Our League Correspondent

If it be true that all men have the fighting instinct in them it is lucky that there are so many things in the world to be fought with all our powers.

There is a dangerous enemy today which causes suffering to thousands of people; it struck down many of our soldiers in the war, and not only does it destroy a man's strength at the time but it returns again and again to weaken him. This enemy is malaria, a fever which we used to consider raged only in such places as Africa, but which has now begun to invade countries where it has never been before. Cries for help have come from some of these countries which are not strong enough, nor sufficiently well armed, to fight it alone.

Cries for Help

Greece, which has so many thousands of refugees, sends word that one out of every three of her people are attacked, and she needs ambulances with doctors and nurses to carry succour to the villages, a trained staff to direct operations, and so on. Albania begs that a specialist may be sent to work with her health officials, to show them the best methods. Persia writes that malaria is so violent in certain districts that whole villages have had to be abandoned, and she pleads that help may be sent.

Here is an enemy worthy any man's steel, and doctors from all over the world are joining up to fight against it. Their recruiting office, and their headquarters, is the Health Committee of the League of Nations.

There the field of battle is reviewed, information is collected from such countries as our own, where certain victories have been gained, and plans of attack are made.

Supply of Ammunition

There are certain conditions that must be carried out if permanent success is to be gained; mosquitoes must be exterminated, swamps and streams must be purified, sanitation must be improved. But the main weapon used is quinine, and unfortunately, when the world's stores were recently inspected, it was found that the present supply is not sufficient now that the battle is spreading over such a much larger area.

Nearly three hundred years ago a Countess of Chinchon, in Peru, was cured of a fever by a medicine made from the bark of an evergreen tree, a medicine which has been in use ever since. It is this that we call quinine. These huge evergreen trees, which were then named cinchonas, grew at that time only on the western mountains of South America, but plantations have since been made in Java and in India, and there are now fourteen factories in the world making quinine from their bark.

Free Quinine

The difficulty is how to increase these plantations in order to produce more of this much-needed medicine, which is used not only to cure but also to prevent. In Italy, where every precaution possible is taken to hinder the spread of the fever, little tubes of quinine capsules are given free to the peasants at regular intervals.

This campaign against malaria is being led by the League's Health Committee. Already it has arranged for a little band of specialists from many countries to visit Italy and to study its methods, and still more is now to be done, including a consideration of the question of producing more quinine.

THE LADY OF THE JEWELS

Why the Diamond Dealers Went to Boston

RARE GIFT OF A POLISH JEWESS

In Hatton Garden, the broad, solemn-looking London thoroughfare which runs northward from Holborn into Theobald's Road, we may sometimes see groups of foreigners standing in the street, or sitting in a small café with their heads close together, intent on the examination of small objects.

Shabby and untidy as many of these men are, they are possessed of great wealth. They are diamond dealers from Amsterdam and Antwerp, pearl dealers from Paris, dealers in rubies and emeralds from all over the Earth, and the small objects they hold in their hands are precious stones worth thousands of pounds, which they carry in their pockets, passing them to each other as carelessly as if they were pebbles.

Finest Judge of Stones

Wise they are in the lore of all that has to do with their trade. It is they who scour land and sea for the rare stones which rich men buy and rich women wear. But there was not one of them who claimed to know half as much of the worth and quality of jewels as did a wise woman who died at Boston in Lincolnshire the other day.

Anna Szaphira was her name, and she was a Jewess from Russian Poland who had made her home in England. Her surname comes from a Hebrew source meaning beautiful, and Anna was said to be the finest judge of beautiful stones in the world. The Hatton Garden dealers brought thousands of pounds' worth of stones to her every year for valuation, and never questioned her decision about them.

This wonderful Jewess spoke eight languages fluently, including French, German, Spanish, and Italian. She was supreme in her own sphere; yet she was so modest that it was only when she died that the public heard her name.

A LITTLE PLAY FOR A CHURCH

Livingstone the Pathfinder

The London Missionary Society is trying to meet the demand of religious organisations for something to act in a simple way.

It has published a little one-act play called *The Pathfinder*, written by Mr. Hermon Ould, representing a scene that may well have taken place in the life of Dr. Livingstone. There are five characters—Livingstone, two of his servants, a slave trader, and a boy slave—with an indefinite number of natives in the background and with tom-toms to give the play atmosphere. If there is a weakness in the play it is that its tone is somewhat depressing, whereas Livingstone's work essentially had a tone of hope; but the idea is a good one, and we should like to see churches interesting Sunday schools and young people in such productions.

WHERE THE FOGS BEGIN

Home Fires that Make the Towns Sooty

When shall we be persuaded to give up our open coal fires and use gas or electricity instead?

In Newcastle, where they have great factories and plenty of coal to burn, the annual fall of soot per square mile is 885 tons. In London, where factories are comparatively rare, it is still 314 tons; while in Southport, practically wholly residential, there is a fall of 128 tons. And the damage it does to buildings and to health is incalculable.

Some day we shall not be able to get coal to burn in this wasteful manner. It will be burned at the pit's mouth and sent to us in the form of gas and electricity—mostly electricity.

LONDON PRIDE

The Great City and Its Shows

EVERYTHING THE HEART OF MAN DESIRES

Let us now praise famous London, which holds between seven and eight millions of us. A Canadian volunteer who had been born a Cockney and said he came from London was asked by his recruiting officer if he meant London, Ontario. "No," said the Cockney contemptuously, "I mean London—London, half the blessed world!"

So it is. There is in London, Dr. Johnson said, everything the heart of man can desire. The London Association has drawn up a list of its attractions, but it does not tell us half of them, though the list includes 171 royal, ecclesiastical, and other historic buildings open to the public, 64 parks, woodlands, and open spaces, and 625 public lawn tennis courts.

Think of the public buildings that can be seen for nothing, from Kensington Palace in the west (or why not Hampton Court?) to Greenwich Hospital in the east, a vision which for its beauty would make many a city famous. Think of the parks, from Richmond Great Park on the hill to Epping Forest, with all the lesser parks between.

Palaces of Delight

Think of—but no, we must hurry on to the 625 restaurants, the 469 theatres, concert halls, and cinemas, the 49 dancing halls, and the 197 motor-bus routes to take us to these palaces of delight, without counting the Tubes. There are 61 bathing places where we can swim, and 122 courses on which Father can play golf. The Thames is the only route which is not crowded with passengers, and even that has a few steamboats during the summer months.

And even now out of this list has been left the cheapest spectacle of all and the best value for money, the shops, which, beside being the most numerous, are the finest to look at in the world. There are no shops to beat London's. They are better than those of Paris or Rome or New York, and many have shows of china or antiques or pictures which are exhibitions in themselves.

And then there was Wembley, and will be again, we are glad to say, for the exhibition is coming back in May.

THE INSECT KINGDOM

A Walk Round it With a Zoo Expert

The Great Little Insect. By Evelyn Cheesman (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.).

Miss Evelyn Cheesman, who looks after the insects at the Zoo, has added an admirable book to the library of the Insect Kingdom. It has for its motto the fine saying of a great man that "the universe is not rough-hewn but perfect in its details." Miss Evelyn Cheesman shows us how true this is.

She shows us what a wonderful place the insect has in Nature, its grip on life, its physical and mental equipment, and its social system.

The more we think of insects the more staggered we are at the thought of the miraculous world we live in, and we are glad to be able to wander through this world of wonder with Miss Cheesman as our guide.

The point Miss Cheesman makes is that mankind is an upstart in civilisation compared to the ant, for ants created their social life 55,000,000 years ago, since when they have made little progress. Human civilisation was not of much importance in those days, if indeed the human race existed at all, which is more than doubtful. So that we ought to respect the ant when we watch him going about his quaint business!

PATRIOT AND POET

CAMOENS OF PORTUGAL

Living in Exile and Dying in Poverty

AND REMEMBERED AFTER 400 YEARS

Four hundred years ago there was born at Lisbon one of those rare and noble spirits who made the name of Portugal famous throughout the world, Luis de Camoens, poet, explorer, administrator, and lover of fair dealing.

The Portuguese Government has just issued a new series of postage stamps commemorating scenes in the career of Portugal's great son, but his memory is honoured by statues and inscriptions not in that country alone, for Camoens is acknowledged as the greatest figure in Portuguese literature.

A Turbulent Youth

His greatest poem, *The Lusads*, written in the distant Chinese city of Macao, near Hong Kong, was the work of an honourable exile. Camoens had a turbulent youth, and after getting into trouble more than once he was thrown into prison in 1552, and only released on condition that he volunteered for service in the Indies.

He sailed for Goa, a Portuguese trading centre on the west coast of India, in 1553, and did good service, but soon quarrelled with the Governor. The quarrel did Camoens credit, for it arose from his denunciation of the corrupt officials who were filling their own pockets. But it made the situation impossible for him, and he was banished to Macao, not in dishonour, but as a restraint on his unwelcome activities. In Macao he prospered, and had leisure for literature. There he composed the first six books of *The Lusads*, a glorification of his country's exploits, and dedicated them to King Sebastian in 1572 after his return. He lost all his possessions, save his poems, in a shipwreck on his journey home.

Undying Fame

Yet, although it brought him no money, *The Lusads* was an immediate and brilliant success, and established for Camoens a fame that centuries have not dimmed. He was left to die in poverty in a public hospital at the early age of 56; but his work has ever since been acclaimed, and his fame is secure.

Today, the finest square in Lisbon is named after him, and his bust adorns the distant city of the Far East where he spent the best years of his life. His countrymen remember him, not only for the gifts of splendid and poetic imagination which he has enshrined in imperishable verse, translated into many languages, but for the sweetness and nobility of character which compelled him to take his stand boldly against corruption and wrong-doing when he might have prospered by holding his tongue and allowing Portugal's good name to be smirched by her unworthy representatives.

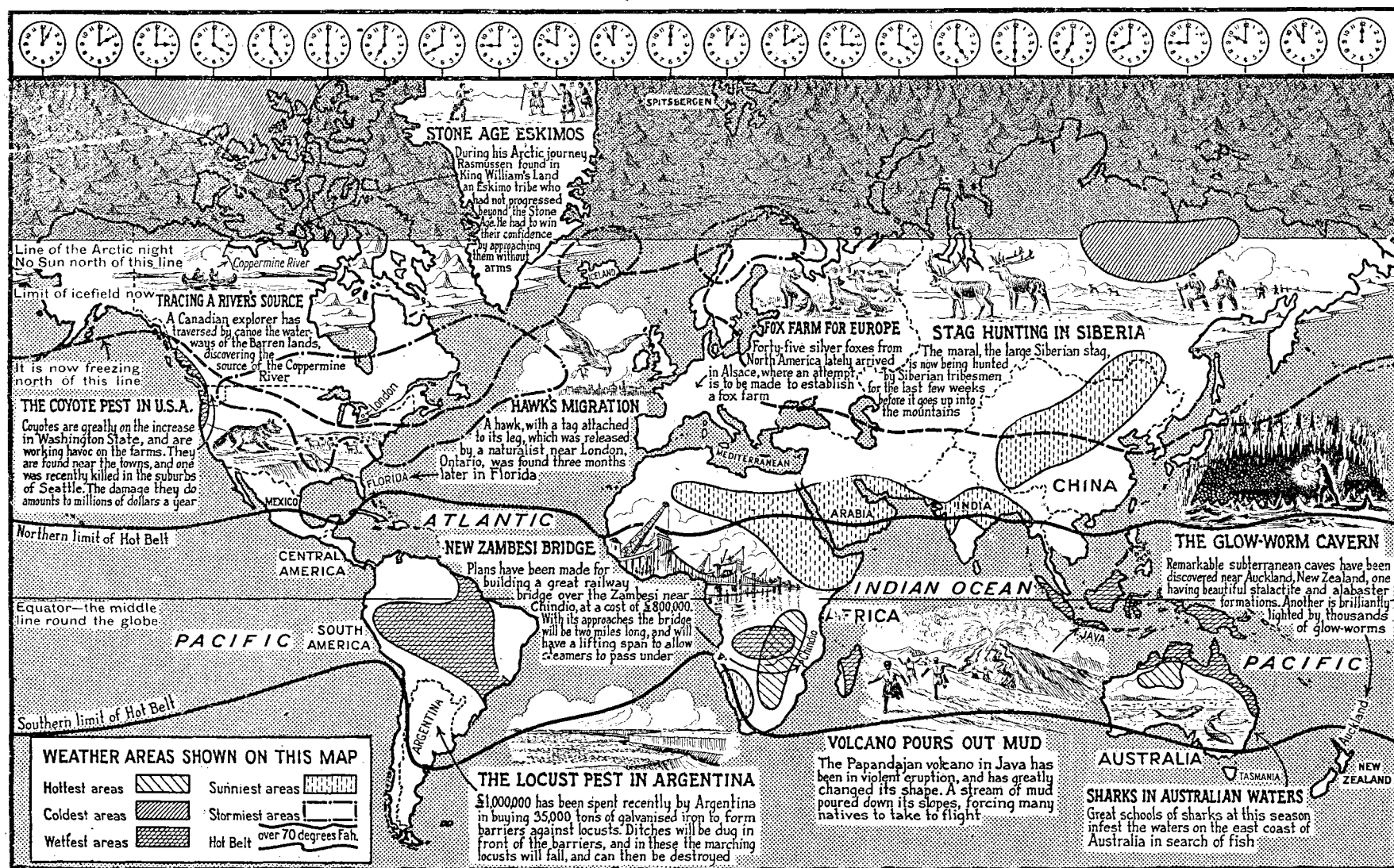
800,000 IN LONDON SCHOOLS

Leaving Too Soon

The census of London schoolchildren taken last year showed that there were 801,131 boys and girls in elementary schools, 3753 more than in 1923, but less than before the war.

A large proportion of London schoolchildren leave school for ever at 14, which is very unfortunate, for at 14 a boy or girl has reached the age when most profit can be obtained from education.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



AN EXPRESS RUN INTO BARBARISM

Civilisation Goes Ahead ACROSS THE SAHARA TO TIMBUCTOO

In the New Year the French will run a Sahara express of motor-cars twice a week across the desert from Algiers to Timbuctoo. Less than five years ago, a brave French general, who had five times crossed the Sahara and died from exhaustion, said to his two soldiers who survived, and for whom he had spared his last water ration, that no one knew the Sahara. People thought that he knew it, but it got him at last.

So also with this astonishing French project, which, supported by swift motor-cars where the desert travelling is good, and by caterpillar cars where it is bad, as well as by carefully prepared supply stations on the way, will cross this land of fear and thirst in eight days. Will it have conquered the desert? Will it have thrust the powers of civilisation clean through the barriers of barbarism?

Not altogether. The French speak of putting up desert hotels at the stopping places. Even as they have put them up in wild Morocco, where ten years ago a tourist's life at some of the places would not have been worth an hour's purchase, they are going to instal bathrooms in torrid Timbuctoo. Nevertheless, in order to make everything safe, the Sahara Express will be provided with machine-guns to ward off any possible attacks!

Thus, run as fast as it can, at the speed of motors or aeroplanes, civilisation cannot run out of the reach of barbarism.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Camoens 'Kam-o-ens
Chinchon Cheen-chohn
Czecho-Slovakia Chek-o-Slo-vah-ke-ah
Schenectady Ske-nek-tah-de

THE AUTOGIRO

Something Like the Helicopter

The helicopter, the flying machine which will rise straight up from the ground and alight in the same way, is a long time coming. Until recently helicopter flights were measured by the yard, but now a flight of several miles has been made.

A Spanish engineer, Señor Juan La Cierva, has now made a machine which has over 300 peculiarly-shaped propellers which revolve horizontally, and so lift the machine from the ground and sustain it in flight.

Before a distinguished gathering Señor La Cierva rose vertically from the Cuatro Vientos aerodrome near Madrid and flew to the neighbouring Getafe aerodrome, which is more than seven miles away. His landing was made as with an aeroplane, and not in helicopter fashion, and his machine came to rest within thirty yards.

While the autogiro, as the machine is named, certainly has helicopter principles, it is claimed that it is neither helicopter nor aeroplane.

A TRAM IDEA

"As Far and as Often as You Like to Go"

In London a day's sightseeing or a visit to the country often costs so much, especially for family parties, that the expense becomes a serious matter.

The L.C.C. has just accepted a recommendation by its Tramway Committee that shilling tickets should be issued on Saturdays and Sundays enabling the holder to travel by tram as far and as often as he chooses in a day.

That will be a great boon, not only for country lovers and country visitors, but for friends and relations living in distant suburbs who want to exchange visits on the days when they are not at work. The scheme is to be tried for six months. It is an example which railways and buses might well copy—and trams all over the country.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Children's Corner in the Church

Of such as "these little ones" is the Kingdom of Heaven. Why, then, should the child not have a special place in the edifice of the Church? The question has been thought out and settled in an interesting way in Holy Trinity Church at Bury, Lancashire, where a space in the church, twenty feet by ten, containing an altar surmounted by a statue of Jesus as a boy, is set apart for children.

On a table books are placed for the children to read. Services for children are held there, apart from the usual Sunday services. The children take turns in keeping the Children's Corner clean and in supplying the altar with flowers. The Chapel of the Holy Child is the official name of this space specially allotted to the children.

We do not know how widely an appeal to the child to use the church as its sanctuary is adopted, but the idea is deserving of wider consideration.

FRANCE AND HER SUGAR CROPS

Back to Pre-War Prosperity

Sugar has been scarce and dear in France for a long time, but there are signs that this is coming to an end.

It is hoped that this year's crop of sugar-beet will not only be much greater than that of last year, but even greater than the average for ten years past.

This is important news for housewives and everyone else, for sugar plays a very important part in the nutrition of the body, providing heat and energy in a high degree.

Before the war France had 518,700 acres of land under sugar-beet cultivation. Today she has 481,650 acres, which is very near the pre-war mark, and the quality of the crop is much richer than then.

EXTRADITION

What It Means WHEN A CRIMINAL ESCAPES FROM HIS COUNTRY

There has been a good deal of interest of late in what is called an extradition case, the case of a man offending against our laws and making his escape into another country.

In the old days, when communications were bad, a man who escaped got safely away, and nothing happened. Even within our own times that was the position if the fugitive escaped, say, to Spain or to a South American republic.

But nowadays we have what are called extradition treaties with practically every civilised country, by which it is mutually agreed to surrender such fugitives to each other on demand. In these treaties the offences to which they apply and the way in which the surrender is to be carried out are carefully set forth, and every care is taken that the right of extradition shall not be used unfairly to the accused. It is all so carefully planned that often it is possible for a guilty man to prevent extradition.

For instance, the crime must be one that is recognised as a crime in both the countries concerned. In England no one can be extradited for a political offence against another Government. Before a man is given up the country accusing him must produce such evidence of guilt as would lead a magistrate at home to commit him for trial. If that is not done extradition will be refused, and the man set free.

If extradition is granted the prisoner can only be tried on the charge on which it was conceded; he must not be tried on any other charge relating to acts committed before he was extradited.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 10 1925

The League is Five Today

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

MANY happy returns of the day to the League of Nations. It is five years old today.

There may be no cake with candles on it to celebrate the day, but they are not needed, for the light of the League's good deeds shines out upon the world. Let us choose out five big deeds, one for each year of its life, whose beams will go on spreading far across the world and down the ages.

There is the International Court which has been set up for the whole world, where the lamp of justice shall illuminate and make clear right from wrong in quarrels which arise between nations. There is the hope that has been restored to the Austrian people, whose country has been raised from ruin and given the opportunity to prosper. There are many countries where working people have found that life has become easier for them because of laws that have been passed in accordance with the League's decisions. There are many examples of quarrels settled which would undoubtedly have caused war. And then there is the famous Protocol, the most serious plan yet drawn up for the purpose of making war really impossible, the result of the firm determination to set right above might in the world's affairs.

We may think of many of the League's other actions as lighting up the dark places of the globe. Imagine the relief to Eastern Europe when the League fought and conquered the terrible scourge of typhus. Realise what it means to Indian working men and women to have their hours reduced from twelve a day to ten. Think of the joy of those thousands of war prisoners who were freed and taken to their homes, of those homeless and starving refugees who are now leading happy and useful lives in Greece, of the children in Asia Minor who have been rescued and restored to their parents. Send your thoughts out to the mandated countries of Africa and in the Pacific, where the natives know that now and for ever they are safeguarded by this wonderful new power rising up in Geneva.

These are but few of the good deeds which shine so brightly across the rather dark history of these last five years. What other candles may be lighted in 1925 to light up the path of mankind? Let each of us keep watch that we may not miss them, and let our birthday gift to the League be the resolve to know and to make known what it is doing. The C.N., on behalf of the Children of the British Empire, sends greetings to the noblest Parliament of Man that this world has.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Local Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE was surely, if he was anything at all, our Universal Man. It interests us, therefore, to see Sir J. Forbes Robertson speaking of him as a local man. He was such a Warwickshire man, says our great actor, that he refers to no flowers but those found in the county.

It is a little odd, but somehow we like to think of Shakespeare loving his own flowers, even though he did not bother about the flowers that bloomed across the border.

The White Pig of Redhill

OUR best wishes for the New Year to a white pig of Redhill. This is its story.

It was the despised and rejected, the local reporter tells us, of a litter bred by a well-known farmer, who was selling the litter to a neighbour. One of the pigs was a weakling, and the buyer said, "I don't want that little wretch; you can take him back." The seller promised to make no charge for it, but to throw it in, and the buyer said, "Very well; I will kill him and bury him."

Somebody standing by was sorry for the little pig, and said, "Don't do that; give him to me." And so the little creature was handed over. It was carefully nursed and fed and looked after, and it has well repaid its friend, for it is now keeping its first birthday, and at 49 weeks old it was the champion of the Redhill Show.

We wish it a very happy New Year.

From Queen Elizabeth to 2 L O.

THE wonders of wireless will never cease. Never do we handle our receivers without feeling that we are handling a miracle.

The other night we heard two voices on two continents, both speaking at once, with thousands of miles between.

We heard music played in Pittsburgh, and in not many minutes we heard a man in Pittsburgh saying that he had received a cable from London to say we were hearing him.

But could anything beat this? The other night there came out from 2 L O some Elizabethan music, and one of the items was a piece that had come down to us in manuscript. Imagine some little subject of Queen Elizabeth sitting down to write it, never able to print it, perhaps little dreaming that it ever could be printed. He dies, and the manuscript is lost, but when it is found again it is played in a little room in London and heard all over Britain, on ships at sea, and in half the countries of the world.

If those who pass on are still conscious of this world, it must fill the heart of Elizabeth's musician with a solemn and thankful pride.

The Changes of Time

It is not long since we recorded the closing of a once very popular church in London because there are no Christians to go to it, the population having become Jewish.

Now we read in a letter from the Bishop of Gloucester that English-speaking people are fast losing Canada, where, if the present tendency continues, foreigners and French Canadians will soon leave the English-speaking population in a minority.

Strange changes, and surely more than a little sad!

Tip-Cat

A SMALL boy wants to know how to collect stamps. By simply sticking to them.

A MEMBER of the peerage says he is not ashamed to be seen with a novel. At least it has a title.

A CAMERA has been invented that can reproduce voices. But they can only answer in the negative.

THE Board of Education: The blackboard.

LANGUAGES are now taught by means of the gramophone. In record time.

THE gentleman who thinks it interesting to step back into the past must take care he does not get left behind.

WHY, asks a correspondent, do women talk more than men? Possibly to keep men quiet.

THERE are various ways of saying "thank you." The easiest is with the mouth.

THE elephants arriving at Victoria had to walk to Olympia. We ourselves have frequently been unable to get a taxi.

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness

WE were very sorry to see in a grown-up newspaper a picture of live turkeys outside a poulterer's, with these words underneath:

All unconscious of their doom, the little victims parade outside a Clapham poulterer's.

But we are not at all sure that the little victims, surrounded by dead turkeys, were all unconscious of their doom. It is a great pity that tradesmen should be so thoughtless. We have often seen the cruel sight of live sheep and dead sheep together at a butcher's; and we wish C.N. readers would use their influence to persuade our shopkeepers to be a little kinder to "those about to die."

Cruelty is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart.

Peter Pan in the Country

By An Early Riser

PETER PAN is back again in town. Often I have met him in Kensington Gardens, and seen him playing in the heart of every town-child there, but have those little children of the great city seen Peter in the country? I will tell them what he is like, and what he does.

About six o'clock in the morning you stir in your bed and then sit up with sleepy eyes and flushed face, and listen! Outside your window there is music and rustling of a bird's wings.

You jump out of bed and go to the window. The Sun has risen and is shining brightly through the elm trees, lighting up a little figure sitting on a tree stump in a field of dewy buttercups. It is Peter playing his pipes—Peter Pan, with heaven's own blue in his eyes, curls with the sunshine of buttercups blowing in the wind, and the green of the earth wrapped round him in a little tunic.

Dawn and Sunshine

He pipes his song, and the birds sing with him first their hushed twittering, as if one bird says "Shall we fly out?" But they leave it a little longer till Peter has charmed the world for them.

Peter goes on piping of dawn and sunshine, of dew and bud-opening, of mist and blossom, until a lot of hidden fairies trip out of his pipe and dance—the Fairy of Gaiety, the Laughing Fairy, the Fairy of Solemnity, the Fairy of Breezes. The rabbits come out of their holes to listen.

All day long Peter is guarding his brothers, the birds and animals, from danger. The little children who go bird-nesting hear a still, small voice speak to them as they stretch out their hands for eggs; it is Peter Pan saying "Don't! The mother-bird can make a bird of that!" and the straying hand draws back empty.

Evening

In summer, when the earth throbs with heat and dust, you may come across him lying on a cool, grassy bank with his bare feet dangling in a stream-let winding through the meadow; so cool and happy. Or sometimes, before haymaking begins, he will hide among the tall grasses which ripple in the wind like waves on the sea.

Then, in the evening, Peter sits on a little hill and watches the colours of the sunset melt into glowing red, until that fades away. He wanders among the trees and into our gardens, to watch the flickering candlelight in our rooms as we go to bed. Then out go the candles, and Peter sees the Moon rise up behind the trees.

Just before we fall asleep we hear the faint chirruping of a bird in a tree near by; it is no bird really—it is Peter softly crooning to us all:

Little bird nightingale, lend me a tune
To play to the children, a soft little croon.
To sleep, little children! Take rest while
you can,

And I will watch over you, I, Peter Pan.

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

MR. KOO REBUKES THE POWERS STRIKING FIGURE AT THE OPIUM CONFERENCE

A Christian Chinese Quotes
The Heathen Chinese

THE PECULIAR WEST

The great Opium Conference at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations still, unfortunately, leaves a great deal to be done before the world is rid of the appalling traffic in this deadly drug; but it has brought the day of final success a great deal nearer.

The Geneva Conference will long be remembered for many reasons, not least of all because of the contribution made to it by the Chinese delegate, Mr. T. Z. Koo. His earnest desire to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the terrible opium question was made clear in more than one notable speech, but what will be remembered most of all, no doubt, are three lines he spoke at a critical juncture, when the conference was on the point of breaking down. There were too many vested interests in the way, too many difficulties which a plain man does not understand, and it was then that there came into the mind of this Chinaman those lines of Bret Harte:

For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar.

Seeing the interests of humanity about to be sacrificed to fear, greed, and political convenience, the representative of China rose in this solemn assembly of Great Powers and quietly said:

For ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The first Opium Conference is peculiar.

A Great Speech

The representatives of the West must have felt humiliated at this rebuke from the East, and, coming from Mr. Koo, it must have carried great weight.

Mr. Koo had previously addressed the conference in a speech that made a very great impression. The fact that he wore the national costume, a simple blue Chinese robe, not only arrested attention, but made it clear to everyone that he represented the Chinese people as a whole, and not just the merchant or the statesman. His wonderful command of English riveted the attention of the conference from the first to the last moment of his speech, and as he sat down there was an outburst of enthusiastic applause such as is rarely heard at the quiet and dignified meetings at Geneva.

The Mind of China

Slender in build, quiet in manner and movement, Mr. Koo adds the advantages of a Western education to all the natural refinement and courtesy of the Chinese. Educated in a mission school, and afterwards at St. John's University, Shanghai, he is a product of missionary work in China, and a better delegate could not be desired. He is now one of the secretaries of the World's Student Christian Federation, the first Chinese to hold this important position, and when he spoke at Geneva he expressed the feelings of the best people in China.

He was sent to the conference by the Chinese National Anti-Opium Association, made up of 34 Chinese organisations, and he presented a petition signed by 1300 organisations representing over two million Chinese. The mind of China has probably never been so fully expressed, and if the

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

America's bankers estimate the annual cost of crime there at 700 million pounds.

A hundred thousand fewer children are attending the elementary schools in Vienna now than a year ago.

Rayon

Rayon is to be the trade name for artificial silk, "the silk which has no silk in it at all."

The Highest Telephone?

What is said to be the highest telephone in the world is 14,100 feet up at the summit of the lofty Pike's Mountain in Colorado.

300 Million Tons of Sand

Since 1890 nearly 300 million tons of sand have been removed by dredging from the bar, shoals, and dock entrances of the Mersey at Liverpool.

Czecho-Slovakia claims to have fewer illiterates than any other nation in Europe.

Emigration to Canada in the first six months of 1924 increased by 40 per cent over 1923. The Finns headed the list.

Yorkshire Celebrates

Leeds University has been celebrating its twenty-first birthday and the Yorkshire College of Science its jubilee.

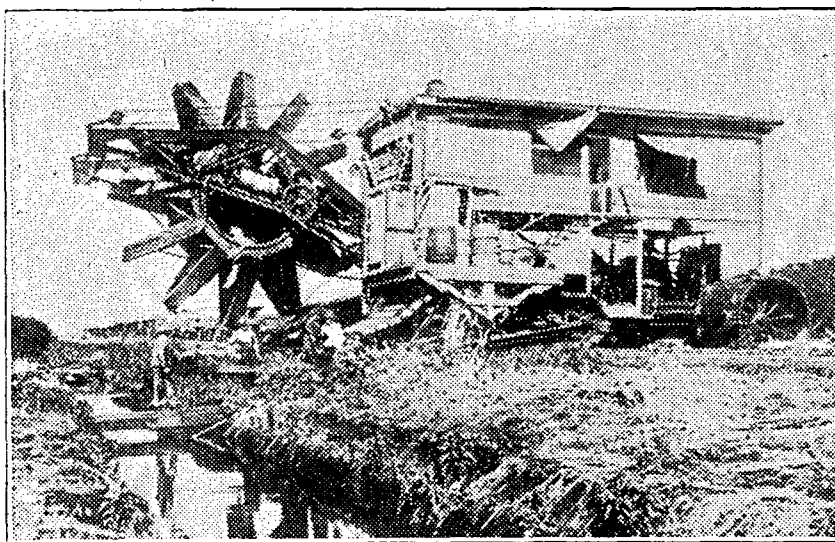
The Costly Lawn

So high are land values in New York City that the lawns of some wealthy people are valued at a quarter of a million pounds.

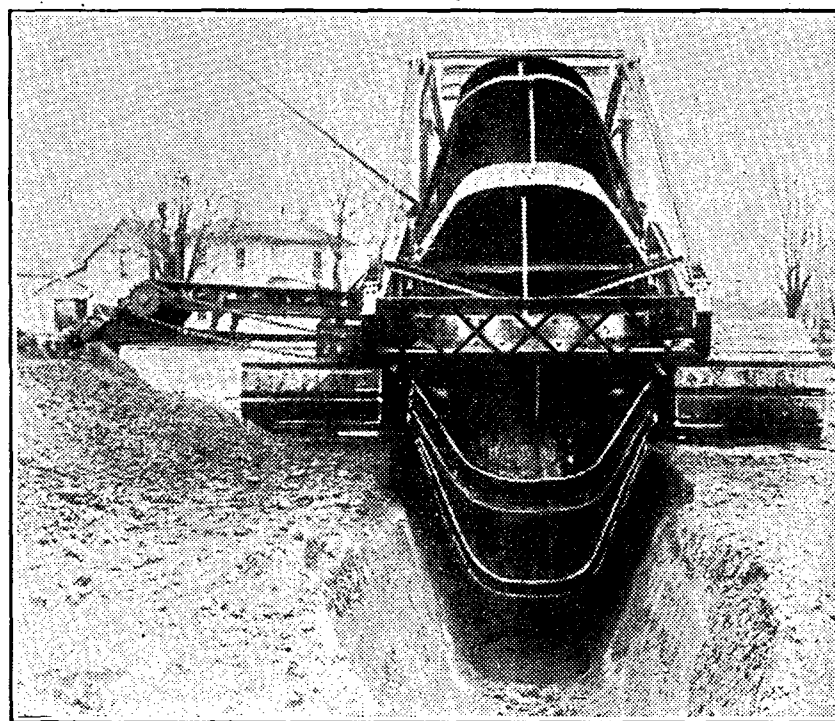
New Railway Trucks

Twelve-ton covered wagons are being turned out at the Wolverton works of the L.M.S. Railway at the rate of four every seven hours.

THE GIANT DIGGER GETS TO WORK



A side view of the giant ditcher



The ditcher at work scooping out the ditch

This gigantic ditcher scoops out a ditch twelve feet wide and seven feet deep in a very short time. As it digs, the earth is carried to the side of the ditch and piled up ready for carting

wishes of the better type of Chinese are to have effect there can be no question about the verdict.

The object of the Chinese National Anti-Opium Association is to work by education and propaganda to stir up a moral conscience and to suppress the cultivation of the poppy. They have planned a ten-year campaign, by the end of which time they hope that no more opium will be produced than is needed for medical and scientific uses.

Mr. Koo concluded his great speech with these words:

Along these lines the National Anti-Opium Association is going to wage a war against opium in our own country.

We all realise that the odds against us are tremendous, but the question concerns so deeply the welfare of the Chinese people that no matter what is done here in this conference, no matter what sacrifices we may be called upon to make, we shall push forward this work until we have rid ourselves of this curse.

Public opinion, moral sentiment, and the innate common sense of the Chinese people are against opium, and on these we shall pin our faith.

When men argue a cause in such a noble and lofty spirit, there can be no doubt of the end, far off though it may be. The best moral sentiment of China is opposed to the use of opium, and there can be no peace until this curse is strangled, for East and West alike.

THE HEROISM OF THE TAXPAYER PAYING OTHER PEOPLE'S DEBTS

The Burden of the World On
the British Back

HOW WE KEPT THE WAR GOING

By Our Economic Correspondent

We are the most heavily taxed people in the world, and millions of our much-tried taxpayers are paying the taxes which should be paid by France and Italy and Russia. A famous American banker, Mr. Otto Kahn, has been telling the United States that this is nothing less than economic heroism.

These debts are what are called the Inter-Allied Debts, which once more Parliament has been considering. Much of it is money lent by Great Britain and America to enable their poorer Allies to continue fighting in the war.

Sacrifices of the Allies

As we have pointed out in the C.N. before, the sacrifices made by the Allies differed greatly in character. Britain, France, Italy, Russia, and Belgium lost millions of their fine young men. Britain and the Empire lost a million, and in addition the Motherland lost over seven million tons of shipping. The United States came late into the war, and she did not lose many men (only about 50,000). But she was able to lend money. Briefly the facts are that Britain and America each lent 2000 million pounds.

Of the 2000 millions which America lent to European nations about half was lent by her to us. We did not borrow it for ourselves, but to enable us to lend to our Allies.

Now, a strange position has come about. We are paying off our debt to America (the debt we contracted for our Allies), and we are actually paying her every year £35,000,000 in principal and interest. This alone means sevenpence in the pound on our income tax, so that for every twenty shillings of the British taxpayer's income he has to pay sevenpence to America.

What We Are Paying

But that is not all. While we are paying off our debt to America our European Allies, France, Italy, and the others, the nations for whom we borrowed from America, are not paying us a penny. Therefore the British Government has to raise taxes every year to pay interest to the British citizens who lent them the money to lend to the Allies. This costs the British Government another 55 million pounds a year, which means roundly another elevenpence in the pound on the income tax.

British income-tax payers, therefore, are now paying about eighteen pence for each pound of their income in order to pay back America and to pay the British Government because our Allies are not doing so. That is to say, they are paying one-thirteenth of their incomes which should be paid by other people.

Fair Play for Britain

For every £1000 of his income the British taxpayer has to give up £75 for the sake of France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, and the other countries to whom we lent money in the war, and on whose behalf we borrowed money from America.

It is all very serious, and very unfair. It is also said that negotiations have been opened between France and America for France to repay America in part, instead of in full, as we are doing, and that France is also thinking of repaying America without making any repayment to us. That would be even more unfair, and Mr. Winston Churchill, our new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has promised to do everything he can to obtain fairplay for Britain.

It is just announced that a fine example has been set to our Allies by one of the poorest of them all—Poland—which intends to begin repaying us at once. We refer to Poland's action elsewhere.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

HERO OF THE MISSION FIELD

Famous Musician Who Changed His Life-Work

BOOKS BY HIM AND ABOUT HIM

We have been much impressed by the story of Dr. Albert Schweitzer as told in the excellent little book on *The Race of Heroes* (Partridge, 3s. 6d.).

The book covers a wide field of pioneer mission work, broad enough to include Florence Nightingale. Five of its ten chapters are written by Basil Mathews, two by A. E. Southon, and one each by Ernest Jeffs, Hubert W. Peet, and Greta Milsom. The spirit of the book is romantic and the tone is inspiring.

The most striking of all the careers is Dr. Schweitzer's. It is not that his work is different from that of a hundred other missionary doctors; it is the history of Dr. Schweitzer before he devoted himself to the humane service of neglected races that gives so high an interest to his devotion.

Serving Mankind

An Alsatian by birth, and German by nationality, Dr. Schweitzer was a famous man when he reached the age of thirty. He was a professor in the University of Strasbourg, a notable writer, and a brilliant musician. As an organist he was known throughout Europe. It was after he had won unquestionable distinction as a scholar, an author, and a musician that he was confronted with the question how he could most truly serve mankind.

His answer was that it could be done best as a medical missionary to remote tribes in some neglected lands, outside the gate of civilisation: With him to be convinced was to act. Immediately he began to study for a medical degree, and having gained that qualification, as well as doctorships in philosophy and theology, he went forth from his home in Paris to French Equatorial Africa, as a Protestant missionary doctor to people whose only response to his sacrifice would be gratitude, and perhaps an open ear to his teaching about the Master in whose name he made his great adventure.

Astonishing the Natives

Dr. Schweitzer did not entirely give up his beloved music. On a boat hollowed out of the trunk of a giant tree he transported his organ up a river of West Africa to his mission station, where he astonished the natives with compositions by his favourite composer, Bach.

The war eventually brought his mission work to an end, but he has not admitted defeat, and will continue it in a region where human suffering knows no remedy apart from missionary labours.

So far we have been reading what has been said about Dr. Schweitzer. By a happy coincidence a little book has just been published by Allen and Unwin, which tells in the doctor's own words the story of his early years.

Sympathy with the Poor

In this little book (*Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*, 3s. 6d.) we read that Dr. Schweitzer's father was an Evangelical pastor, and his mother a daughter of the manse. As a child he was shy, reserved, impressionable, singularly influenced by music, more apt to dream than to take up the drudgery of lessons, and passionate in temper.

He gives us a series of vivid pictures of his early life. He describes with what fear he first went to school, with what awe he first looked upon a man whose name was on a book, with what a shock he heard a boy he had beaten in a wrestling bout say to him, "Yes, if I got broth to eat twice a week, as you do, I should be as strong as you are!" Thus began his lifelong sympathy with the poor.

As far back as he can remember, Dr. Schweitzer tells us, he was saddened by the amount of misery he saw in the world around him, especially among animals. As a child he composed for himself a prayer for all living creatures. As

PETS AND CRIPPLES

The Rover League and What It Does

ANIMALS AT SCHOOL

From a Correspondent

Many people have been interested in the retirement of the collecting dog at Euston and the appointment of a new one. Here is another case of animals helping on a charity.

At Stowe, the new public school, the boys are encouraged to keep pets. It is a natural and universal craving, says the headmaster, and it teaches the boys responsibility. Schoolboys used to satisfy the craving with smuggled mice, which led unenviable lives in desks, biscuit tins, and pockets.

But long before Stowe set its boys building model rabbit hutches some wise folk realised how much animals mean to children. Thirty years ago the Children's Union was founded to help the work of the Waifs and Strays Society. Today the child members alone support five homes for crippled children.

It is a splendid thought, but credit for some of the Union's success must be given to the imaginative grown-up organisers who could think of such things as the Rover League. The members of this league are all pets. Their owners pay a small subscription for them, and often make things for bazaars to go in under their pets' names. They have collecting boxes, too, and usually parents are ready enough to put twopence into Puss's box when she gets a mouse.

The Two Cots

The animals support two cots for crippled children. This year the Duchess of York received the purses for the Society. The Rover League purse was presented by one of the members, a white Samoyede called Thora, who offered Her Royal Highness a paw to shake.

A delightful touch is the statement that the Rover League is under the patronage of Pharaoh, Brigadier-General F. Erskine's charger, late Scots Guards. Pharaoh wears three medal ribbons and a wound stripe on his brow band. Over for him are the familiar bugle calls, dividing the barrack day. Never more will he march at the head of his regiment, almost dancing to the famous tunes. But, if he could only know it, he has more cause than ever for pride, paddock-pensioner though he is. Other horses have soldiered with the Guards, and been wounded in the cause of liberty, but what other has helped crippled children to straightness? Better do that than carry an emperor into battle.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE TIME TO COME

A Great Tree Index

The United States Forest Experimental Station in Montana is a wonderful establishment.

Here it is that most exhaustive experiments are continually being conducted with a view to determining the most effective and economical method of handling growing timber at its various stages of progress.

Every one of the 20,000 trees in this vast open-air laboratory is tabbed, and a complete card index record is kept of it. Forestry experiments are necessarily spread over a period of years, and the present staff is starting dozens of tests that will not be completed until long after they are dead.

Continued from the previous column

he grew older it became steadily clearer to him that he had no right to take as a matter of course his happy youth, his good health, and his power of work.

From that conviction was to come his resolve to spend his life for others, and he has nobly kept his resolution. This simply written volume touches chords of feeling that many a more ambitious work has sought to reach in vain.

DEAR TEA AND WHY

Not Enough Being Planted

AMERICA JOINING IN THE WORLD'S TEA-TIME

The world is short of tea. Every year the tea-drinkers increase, but there has been no corresponding growth in the work of tea-planting.

Common Indian tea is now selling wholesale in London at 1s. 10d. a pound, and as the duty is over 3d. it is not easy to sell a good tea cheaply in packets at the shops. In fact, if many wholesale tea merchants had not bought largely in advance retail tea would be still higher.

New plantations are being made in India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, and elsewhere, but it takes about six years to bring tea plants into bearing, and therefore prices may go even higher yet.

Tea drinking is getting much more popular on the Continent of Europe. Then there is America, in which a tea advertising campaign has made a great success. The Americans commonly drink coffee as we drink tea, but once the taste for tea is acquired it becomes an indispensable beverage.

It is quite probable that we shall have most of the 112,000,000 Americans calling for tea, and if so tea may become very dear indeed. We therefore beg the tea-planters to do their utmost to increase supplies.

PEASANT FRANCE

How the Rural Population is Disappearing

The French peasantry are the backbone of France, but they are diminishing in numbers at an alarming rate.

A French professor has been getting out the statistics for a representative agricultural department, the department of Gers. With a population of under 200,000, where all the land was under cultivation before the war, 2500 farms have since been abandoned and 125,000 acres are lying fallow.

But the change began long before the war. In 1790 Gers had a population of 268,000, which in 1846 had risen to 315,000. Now it is little over 190,000; it dropped over 120,000 in forty years.

This is not due, as in England, to people moving into the towns; it is because the peasants have so few children. Under the law their land is divided equally among their children at their death, so they are better pleased if there is only one child to inherit than if there are more. Thus, when 1423 young men were conscripted for the war, 293 were only sons, and 247 others had only one brother or one sister.

Then the war took its toll, and now, so far from the holdings having to be divided, there are many places where there is no one to inherit at all. For

A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

THE REVOLVING GARAGE

Solving a Motor Problem

An interesting idea that will do much to simplify the storage of motor-cars is the revolving garage.

Such a garage, which will be fitted with lifts, will consist of several floors, each divided into three circles, of which the inner and outer remain stationary while the centre one revolves. The inner and outer circles will then be divided into stalls, each of which will accommodate a car. Thus a car, on arriving at the garage, will be taken by lift to any floor, where it will be run on to the revolving circle, which will then be set in motion and rotated until the car comes opposite a vacant stall, where it will be run off.

One of the advantages of these garages will be that a car can be run out without the necessity of moving other cars.

THE FIVE COLOURS

Mary Jones and Her Bible AND WHAT HAS COME OF IT

The Five Colours. By William Canton. (Bible House, London. 2s.)

The five colours are the colours of the children of the chief races of mankind, and the object of this book, by the veteran writer William Canton, is to show how children have helped to spread the circulation of the Bible throughout the world.

The writer begins by tracing the Bible Society to a meeting in London on December 7, 1802, when the story was told of a Welsh girl, Mary Jones, who longed to have a Bible of her own, saved her money to buy one, and then, at the age of 16, walked 25 miles to the nearest town, and burst into tears on hearing she could not buy one there, so few were the Bibles on sale. Mary got her Bible by being sold a copy ordered for someone else, and her story led to the forming of a society to provide Bibles for the whole world.

The Five Colours tells how the Bible has spread to every land, till in 1923 it had been translated, in whole or in part, into 558 languages. The Society has spent £16,000,000 in issuing over 300 million volumes of the Scriptures.

Mr. Canton has found in many lands his stories of how the Bible has been circulated, welcomed, and appreciated. It is a stirring narrative presented with the skill of a practised and sympathetic writer, who feels deeply the importance of the work he is describing.

THE OLD FIRM

Rip Van Winkle Wakes Up

There is a famous firm of East India merchants in the City which has lived for generations without caring to keep step with the march of modern progress. But now, after 200 years of old-fashioned tradition, it has taken a number of girls into its service.

And it was a strange, forgotten world the girls found when they came to take up their duties for the first time. There were no typewriters. All letters were written and copied out by hand, as they used to be in the days of our great-grandfathers. The telephone had been installed, and was working, but the older clerks, many of whom had been in their positions for 30 and 40 years, never used that complicated instrument if they could help it, preferring to call personally with their messages.

Yet, in spite of it all, the reputation of the firm, consolidated by two centuries of honourable dealing and straightforward enterprise, stood so high that its fortunes were not affected by its conservatism. Keen competitors might try their hardest, but they could not take away the trade of the house that had stood so long and played the game, even though it might be an old-fashioned game, cleanly and with success.

The old firm may change its apparatus now, and introduce the modern changes it so long despised; but it will not change the spirit, so truly British, which made it a force in the commercial life of the City generations before many of its competitors were born.

ON THE SHORES OF SALT LAKE

A Strange Harvest

A strange harvest indeed is gathered on the shores of Salt Lake in Utah.

When the temperature of the water there gets below 30 degrees it manufactures sodium sulphate, and actually washes it up on the beach; and as this material can be gathered before it dissolves again a plant has been built on the ground to refine it for commerce.

TIME'S STRANGE CHANGES

STORIES FROM A FAMOUS FAMILY

Wild Clan of Old Days
Provides India with a Viceroy
THE SAILOR BOY ON THE
HOOGHLY

In a remarkably fascinating Life of Lord Minto, lately written by that bold and stirring writer Colonel John Buchan, are several curious stories of the strange changes Time may bring about.

The story of the Minto family as a whole is one of strange alterations. In the rude days of Border warfare, when robbery raids were a kind of business, one of the fiercest of the clans was that of the Elliots of Liddesdale. Wherever mischief was afoot, the Armstrongs and the Elliots from that lofty valley were sure to be in it.

A common kingship for the two countries and the reign of quiet law broke up the unruliness of the Border, but adventure remained in the blood of the Elliots, and carried them to far countries and great positions.

Public Service

The Earls of Minto are now the heads of the once wild and lawless Elliot clan. More than a hundred years ago one of them became Governor-General of India, and the earl whose life has just been so well written was Governor-General first of Canada and then of India.

This earl (the fourth) won his way to high public service, finely performed, by his knowledge of men and of practical life in many forms. He was not a politician nor a student, but a soldier, traveller, and sportsman, a man whom everyone felt to be a very gallant gentleman. In India both princes and peasants felt him to be in his right place as a ruler.

Seeking Adventure

When he was a young man Earl Minto found himself seeking adventure in the passes of the North-West Indian frontier, and there he had as his servant an Indian youth who ran with such eagerness, and a rather strange gait, that he returned often with his ankles bleeding from being knocked together.

Many years afterwards, when the earl had become Viceroy of India, he took his wife into these mountains to see the scene of his youthful adventures, and there one of the first men he met was a dignified Indian whom he recognised at a glance, and hailed by name, as the boy who had served him so diligently in the long ago. His old servant bowed himself to the earth, and then removed his shoes to show the scars of his faithful service.

The Voice Behind the Curtain

A curious instance of the changes that have come in India occurred when Lord Minto went as Viceroy to visit the ruler representing the family of the once famous and troublesome General Sindhia. It was Earl Minto's distinguished grandfather who, a hundred years earlier, had conquered the troublesome Sindhia, and the modern rulers, Scottish and Indian, met as close personal friends, the Viceroy being entertained by Sindhia's wife singing for him behind the curtain which screened the zenana (or ladies' room) a selection of Scottish songs and ballads.

Strange changes are likely to come in a great country like India, but even Lord Minto saw few changes more striking than the present Viceroy has seen. When Lord Reading first sailed up the Hooghly River to Calcutta he was an ordinary apprentice sailor boy, Rufus Isaacs, strange in being at once a Jew and a sailor. The next time he sailed up the river, guns were wakening the echoes with an uproarious welcome, for he was an earl, and he was entering the country as the representative of the King of England and Emperor of India.

HOW PUSSY WALKS

Something New About an Old Friend

THE CAT'S UNIQUE PLACE IN NATURE'S FAMILY

Many people will tell Mr. Platts (who writes of Things You Don't Know About Cats in the book with that title published by Mr. Melrose) that they did know some of the things he tells, but one thing surely very few can have noticed. It is the way the cat walks.

When we walk we swing our right arm forward with our left leg, and vice versa, and it is impossible for us to do otherwise. Similarly, nearly all the four-footed animals put their right fore leg and their left hind leg forward when walking.

One exception is the camel, whose gait is very trying to those unaccustomed to ride him, because, as he swings his right fore leg and right hind leg forward together, he sways or rolls from side to side. The giraffe lopes along in the same way.

But the cat can walk both ways. Pussy can swing her right fore leg with either her left or her right hind leg, and can change easily and rapidly from one way of walking to the other. There does not seem to be any other animal which can do this, though we presume that the ability extends to the whole cat tribe and that a lion or a tiger can do the same thing.

Claws Instead of Jaws

That is perhaps the most attractive thing about cats. They enable us, we might say, to domesticate the tiger. In the course of many centuries of domestication man has taught Pussy not to bite the children. That is the only explanation why the domestic cat, unlike the big cats of his family (the tiger, the leopard, or the jaguar), does not attack with his jaws, but merely uses his claws.

There is yet another bond of union between the cat and the human beings that are his age-long adopted friends. They sing and Pussy purrs, and the purr is the nearest approach to singing for mere pleasure among the four-footed animals.

Mr. Platts writes delightfully about the mysteries of our familiar friend Pussy, and his book will be welcomed and enjoyed wherever there sits a Tiger on the Hearth.

CLOSING THE CATHEDRAL

Why is the Door Shut on Sunday?

By Our Art Critic

Why should it be that some of our fine cathedrals and churches are closed on Sunday between services? It very often happens that the people who visit a cathedral on Sunday cannot for some reason or other go there on any other day. For a cathedral door to be closed after service as if it were a theatre door is not only a stupid thing, but an irreverent act, a disloyalty to the past. Especially we deplore the fact that cathedrals should be closed on Sunday while public-houses are open.

Think of Winchester Cathedral, the beauty of whose pillared nave strikes one dumb. With what holy thoughts should we wander there when the service is over, communing with the past, thinking on the men who builded it and the souls who have prayed there! It is during those silent hours that we hear ghostly voices singing Awake up, my glory, awake, lute and harp.

The effect on the mind of these quiet moments is incalculable. During that time we store up impressions, memories, that will enrich our lives. Magnificent shapes fix themselves on our minds, as if on sensitive plates. A little more beauty is added to our lives.

Surely Sunday is the very day for a reverent visit to such places

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

When was Suttee Abolished in India?

Suttee, or the burning of Indian widows, was abolished on December 7, 1829.

Is the Geum an English Plant?

Geum (pronounced je-un) is the botanical name of the avens, or herb benet, one of the common wild plants of England.

Who was the Artful Dodger, and in What Famous Book is He Mentioned?

He is the young pickpocket, John Dawkins, in Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*.

When was the Battle of Stamford Bridge Fought?

This battle, in which King Harold defeated Tostig, Earl of the Northumbrians, was fought on September 25, 1066.

What Do the Letters S.G.D.G. Stand For?

These stand for the French phrase *Sans garantie du gouvernement*, which means without government guarantee.

When was Kerguelen Island Discovered?

This island, in the Southern Ocean, one of a group, was discovered by the Frenchman, Kerguelen Trémarec, in 1772, and was annexed by France in 1893. It is about ninety miles long.

Does the Kingfisher Build a Nest?

Yes, of fishbones and dry mould in a hole in a river bank. Sometimes the hole is excavated by the bird, and sometimes it is an old sand-martin's hole, or it may be an old rat-hole.

Can the Sun Shining on a Fire Put it Out?

No; it is quite a mistake to suppose that a fire is dulled when the Sun shines on it. It is merely that it looks dull because of the brightness of the sunlight. If the fire goes out when the Sun shines on it, it would have gone out in any case. The Sun has nothing to do with it.

What is the Story of Columbus and the Egg?

At a banquet Columbus is said to have challenged the guests to stand an egg on end without support. All tried and failed, and he then did it himself, by cracking the end and making a flat surface on which it could stand. No one had thought of that.

Why has a Horse Short Ears and a Mule Long Ears?

A horse has short ears for the same reason that a cow has horns and an elephant a trunk, because it is its nature. The mule, which is the offspring of a horse and an ass, has long ears because it inherits these from the ass parent.

What was a Pocket Borough?

A pocket borough in the old days before Parliamentary Reform was a borough whose voters were controlled by a patron, either by intimidation or bribery, or both, and he was therefore said to have the borough in his pocket, in the same way that he carried his money or watch.

Why is the Maid of Domrémy Called Joan of Arc?

Her real name was Jeanne Darc, Darc being the ordinary surname of her father. This as she became honoured was spelt in the more aristocratic way of d'Arc, which was quite incorrect, and English historians, following the error, translated it "of Arc."

What Would Happen if the Atmosphere Did Not Rotate with the Earth?

The atmosphere standing still and the Earth rotating at a speed of over a thousand miles an hour, at the Equator, there would be a perpetual and terrific storm, which would destroy everything on the Earth's surface.

Why is George the Fourth Often Called Florizel?

Florizel is the name of the Prince of Bohemia, in love with Perdita, in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, and it became a nickname of George the Fourth because that king, when Prince of Wales, used to sign himself Florizel in corresponding with one of the players in *The Winter's Tale*.

Were There Two Famous Flemish Painters Named Van Eyck?

Yes, they were brothers born at Maaseyck, near Liège. The elder, Hubert van Eyck, was born in 1366 and died at Ghent in 1426. The younger, Jan van Eyck, born in 1386, died at Bruges in 1440. They had a sister, Margaret van Eyck, who was also a painter of some distinction.

PLANETS COME TOGETHER

HOW TO FIND MERCURY

Two Worlds Racing Side by Side Through Space

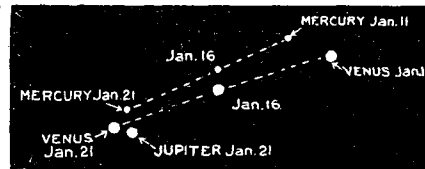
LEAVING THE EARTH BEHIND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The planets Mercury and Venus will appear unusually close together during the next two weeks, so we have a good opportunity of finding that elusive little world, Mercury.

These two worlds are now low in the south-east sky, Venus rising at 6.21 a.m. and Mercury at 6.20 a.m. at the beginning of the week, and both a few minutes later towards the end of the week and the week following.

This is a little over an hour and a half before the Sun rises, and will make it possible for observers to glimpse these two planets before the rising dawn



The relative positions of Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter in the morning sky

obscures them. Of course, a clear sky and fairly unobstructed view, almost to the horizon, is necessary, on account of their very low altitude in Sagittarius.

They will be found at about 7.15 a.m. in approximately the part of the sky that will be occupied by the Sun each morning between 8.45 and 9.

Field glasses, or even opera glasses, will be a great help in spotting Mercury. He will be, at the beginning of the week, about four times the Moon's apparent width away to the left of Venus. Both should therefore appear in the "field of view" of the glasses. By January 16, at 7.32 a.m., they will appear at their nearest to each other, only twice the Moon's width apart, Venus being then below Mercury.

The diagram shows their relative positions on successive dates.

By January 21 both Venus and Mercury will have come very close to Jupiter, now rising, like another Venus, out of the dawn in the south-east, Jupiter being very near and to the right of Venus on that day.

Beautiful Scene in the Sky

On the morning of January 22 the thin crescent of the Moon will also be in the assemblage, a little above and to the right, making altogether a very beautiful celestial scene low down above the distant trees and housetops. Venus, owing to her brilliance, will be quite easily observed, and now a parting look may be taken at this beautiful orb which has graced the morning sky for the past six months. She will soon be gone, as she is now getting far beyond the Sun and is about 150 million miles away. Mercury is between 120 and 130 million miles from us. Both are receding from us and will soon vanish from naked-eye visibility for some months.

Thus we have two worlds, Venus, the big sister, 7700 miles in width, and Mercury, the little brother, 3030 miles wide, racing along side by side, with about twenty million miles between them, and leaving Mother Earth behind. Venus is travelling at about 22 miles a second, and Mercury, at present, at about 28 miles; whereas our Earth, though at her fastest, is at a little under 19 miles a second. Jupiter is in the "far beyond," about 540 million miles away; but the Earth is rapidly reducing this distance, and in a month's time Jupiter will be a splendid object before the dawn, and the glory of the night skies through the spring. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter south-east, Saturn south. In the evening Mars and Uranus south-west.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

What Has Happened Before

John Fountain and his young companion Niel Ranson are drifting down an African river in their canoe, discussing an explorer who was lost in the forest three years before.

They land on an island in the midst of a terrific storm, and catch sight of an amazing figure standing on a rock.

CHAPTER 3

A Message from the Dead

THIS man was no painted, half-clothed savage of the wilderness. He had neither the coarse, blunted features of the Negro, nor was he even dark of skin.

He wore a white, skirted coat that reached almost to his knees, while round his waist was a girdle that was fastened with a bright metal clasp that glittered like silver. His hair was long and straight, and cut in a straight line level with his ears, and there was a kind of band across his forehead. Though he was too far away for them to see his features, as they found out afterwards he was thin-lipped and his nose aquiline, more like that of a Jew than of a Negro. Moreover, he carried at his waist a short broadsword with a triangular point and a hilt in the shape of a cross—such a sword as had never been fashioned in any forest forge.

In view of the peril of his situation and the mystery of how he got there, they could not believe at first that this was in reality a living man, until, upon a sudden, he raised his arms and cried out to them for help, in some strange language that not even Fountain could understand.

Throughout the terrible ordeal through which they had passed, John Fountain had never lost his head. He had remained calm and self-possessed. But now, when he gripped Neil Ranson by an arm, he spoke in a voice that trembled with excitement.

"Tell me, Neil," he cried, "do you, too, see that man, or shall I presently wake up to find I have been dreaming?"

"I was about to ask you the same question," said the boy. "Who is he? Who can he be?"

"I've never been a reader of books," said Fountain, after a pause, "but I fancy I've seen pictures of people who dressed something in that style in bygone times: the Carthaginians or Egyptians. But I'm no scholar, and never was."

There was no doubt that the man was endeavouring to make them understand.

"He wants us to go to his help," said Fountain; "but, so far as I can see, no power on Earth can save him."

"Why," cried Neil, as the thought suddenly occurred to him, "this must be the man who came past us, more than an hour ago, when the storm was at its height."

"That's right enough," said Fountain; "but how he managed to save himself in these rapids, on the very brink of the waterfall, is little short of a miracle."

"He must have jumped," said Neil, "at the very moment when his canoe was swept over the cataract."

"Then he's as sure-footed as a mountain goat," the other answered.

The man stood at his full height at the parting of the waters, with the rushing waves on either side of him, and the cataract thundering at his back. It would be almost impossible to conceive a situation less secure.

Fountain turned away with a sigh. The very sight was alarming. "We can do nothing," said he. "We are powerless."

The boy turned quickly, and flung out both his hands.

"What about the tow-rope?" he cried.

Fountain whistled.

"I had forgotten that," said he.

"Neil, you are right. I believe the rope is long enough."

"Can we hold the canoe against the current?" asked the boy.

Fountain thought for a moment.

"We can twist it round the trunk of a tree," he answered. "As good luck has it, he's in a dead-line down-stream. But one or the other of us will have to go down in the canoe, taking both paddles with him. And even then it will be as much as the two of you can do to paddle against the stream, though I give all my weight and strength to the tow-rope."

"Then, am I to go?" asked Neil.

"You'll have to, my boy," said Fountain. "My strength will be needed at the end of the rope—to pay it out, inch by inch."

Selecting one of the stoutest trees that grew upon the island, they passed the tow-rope round it, and then carried the canoe to the water's edge. With Neil Ranson on board, she shot out upon the current to the limited extent of the rope, which Fountain grasped with both hands, placing a foot against the trunk of the tree to prevent it from slipping.

The boy found himself swinging in midstream, half-way between the island and the crest of the waterfall. Foot by foot, almost inch by inch, Fountain paid out the rope, letting it slip round the tree, and still keeping his left foot firmly pressed against the trunk.

Gradually the boat was lowered toward the cataract.

The rope chafed and grated against the soft bark of the tree, through which presently it had worn a deep groove to the harder wood beneath. Neil had received orders to shout at the full power of his lungs when he was within reach of the castaway. The boy had little doubt that he could make himself heard, in spite of the roar of the water, and was well aware that, if he did not warn Fountain in good time, the canoe would be dashed to atoms against the rocks.

As he approached the edge of the cataract, Neil could not fail to realise the extreme peril of his situation. Fountain had been positive that the rope would take the strain, yet the boy was compelled to recognise the possibility that it might break at any moment.

But, great as the crisis was, though his life hung as on a thread, the boy was rooted in amazement at the personal appearance of the mysterious stranger, of whom he had now a better view.

The man stood motionless, like a marble statue, his arms folded upon his chest. Had it not been for his long, black hair, he might have been a white man; for, not only did his skin appear to be light in colouring, but he was unquestionably handsome. He was tall and slimly built, and, unlike a Negro, both his hands and feet were small.

The canoe had been lowered stern foremost, the tow-rope being attached to the bows. And when she was not more than two yards from the rock, Neil gave the word to Fountain to let out no more rope. "Jump!" cried the boy. "Jump for your life!"

As he spoke in English there was no reason to suppose the man could understand him. Still, it was obvious that the castaway realised what it was intended he should do.

For he crouched low, as if about to spring, and almost before Neil was aware of it he had landed lightly in the body of the canoe.

Neil thrust the spare paddle into his hand, and cried out to Fountain. "All's well!" he shouted. "Pull for all you're worth!"

And now began a struggle in which all three put forth almost superhuman efforts. In the canoe itself Neil Ranson and the stranger wielded their paddles with desperate energy, to make what headway they could against the full strength of

the stream. On the island Fountain strained and heaved until the perspiration poured off him.

The rope had been passed no more than once around the tree in the form of a loop; and this loop was prevented from slipping backward, allowing the canoe to lose headway, by Fountain's whole weight, assisted by his foot which he kept against the trunk, with his knee slightly bent. He was never able to haul in more than a few inches at a time, but every inch he gained was to the good.

Though it had taken but a few minutes to lower the canoe to the waterfall, more than an hour elapsed before Neil and the stranger were safe on shore.

They beached the canoe high and dry; and then the stranger turned to Fountain.

"White man," said he, "I bring you news of one of your own tribe."

Both Fountain and the boy let out a gasp. They could not believe what they had heard. They found it difficult at first to realise that this man had spoken in English.

"My own tribe!" Fountain exclaimed. "Who are you? And what do you know of the English?"

"I have a message," said the other, in a strange, jerky accent. "A message from one whom you may know. His name is Tremayne."

"Henry Tremayne!" cried Fountain. "Then, indeed, have I been dreaming all the time, for Tremayne was lost to the world three years ago!"

CHAPTER 4

The Die is Cast

THE story to which Neil and John Fountain listened that night upon the island revealed one of the most amazing facts that it was ever the lot of living man to learn.

The man told them his name was Idina, and that he came from a valley that was called Kandara, where there was a great city in which lived a people ruled over by a queen, whose name was Zarasis, and who was as beautiful as the Moon.

"My country," he declared, "is as old as the gods themselves."

Fountain turned to Neil.

"I've heard rumours before," said he, "of a white race in the heart of the continent. No need to doubt what this good fellow tells us; we have only to look at him to know the truth."

"Why should it be impossible?" exclaimed the boy. "In the days when my father and I were on trek, he always carried in our wagon a few books, which I have read over and over again. One of these was the Bible; and another was a translation of Herodotus. In the Old Testament we read of traders who came from Aethiopia, where there must have been a civilisation of a sort, for Solomon had a throne of ivory and talents of gold. And

Herodotus tells us of the deserters from Egypt who went up to the sources of the Nile and were never heard of again. Why should not these men have been the pioneers of a nation that has lived for centuries, buried from the outer world?"

"Don't ask me, Neil," said Fountain. "You know more about it than I do. I'm a practical man who takes things as he finds them. If Idina, as he calls himself, has a message from Henry Tremayne, then we are not the first to make this discovery, though even now I can scarcely credit it."

Turning again to Idina, he questioned the man more closely.

"Two years ago," said the stranger, "there came into our land a white man who was both strong and brave. He was like no man that we had ever seen before. There were many of us who thought him a god. He was admitted into the presence of Queen Zarasis; and her woman's heart went out to him, for she had never beheld such a man."

"That I can understand well enough," Fountain cut in. "Tremayne had a personality that no one could ever forget."

"And he was wise," said Idina. "He was of great service to us. He taught us many things we did not know. When we were sick he knew better how to cure us than our sorcerers. He told us there were not many gods, but one God, and therefore he was hated by the priests."

"Is he still alive?" asked Neil eagerly.

The man bowed his head. "He still lives," said he, "but as a prisoner. He has been cast into a dungeon by Punhri, the High Priest, who is jealous of his power."

"And has Tremayne no friends in your country?" Fountain asked.

"He has many friends," replied the other. "The Queen loves him. And Dario, the captain of the Royal Bodyguard, has sworn to serve the Queen."

Fountain turned to Neil.

"It seems," said he, "as if Tremayne is in a bad way."

"The White Wizard," Idina declared, "is in the power of Punhri, who is a sorcerer skilled in the black arts, famous for his magic. All fear him, for he is merciless and gifted with the Evil Eye. Even the Queen herself dare not oppose him. It was the Queen who sent me out into the wilderness. I left her bowed down with grief, a prisoner in her own palace."

Tears had actually come into the man's eyes. There was a gentleness about his manner and in the tones of his voice that one would not have thought to find in a youth who looked a warrior.

"Where did the Queen send you?" Fountain asked.

"Into the forest," Idina answered, "across the mountains that encompass Kandara, to see if I could find men who belonged to the same race as the prisoner, that they might hasten to his help."

"And you found us," said Neil Ranson, "by a miracle!"

"You saved my life," Idina said. "Without your help I never could have escaped. I must have remained upon that rock until the tide rose to drown me, or I was so weak from starvation and exhaustion that I would gladly have hurled myself to my death."

Fountain, in the meantime, had risen to his feet.

"Neil," said he, gripping the boy by a shoulder, "you and I must decide once and for all whether or not we take the plunge. Can we leave Tremayne alone, a prisoner, in this unknown city? Or shall you and I venture there and see what Fate holds in store for us?"

The boy never hesitated a moment. He believed John Fountain to be the greatest man on Earth.

"I will follow you," said he. "If you decide to go there, I will come with you willingly."

Fountain held out a hand.

"Shake, Neil," said he. "It's a bargain, for good or ill. Idina shall guide us. You and I will behold with our own eyes the wonders of this city of Kandara."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Scottish King

RATHER more than two centuries after William the Conqueror had won the battle of Hastings, or Senlac, as it is more correctly called, a descendant of one of the Norman knights who came over with him was born in Scotland, and was destined to be one of that country's greatest heroes.

At first he and his family were friends and supporters of the English monarch, but after a time they broke away, and in the troubled days that followed he suffered much at the hands of the English. From time to time, however, he professed friendship for the English king, until at last, seeing the miseries of the country of his birth under English rule, he decided to head a revolt and make a bold stroke for freedom and independence.

As a first step he had himself crowned king, his regalia consisting of things collected hurriedly together, for the real Scottish regalia had been carried off to London.

The English soon gathered an army, and the young king was defeated. He had to send away his queen and her ladies to a strong castle for safety, while he, with a few followers, tried to escape to Ireland. After many adventures the king and a few followers reached an island off the northern coast and remained there for the winter.

The English king was unrelenting in his treatment of the fugitive, confiscating all his property and treating his queen and family with great hardship. In mockery of the absent ruler notices were posted in all the towns of Scotland describing him as "lost, stolen, or strayed."

The Scottish king had joined his brother in Ireland, and when spring came they collected a little fleet, landed on the mainland, and defeated a small English force.

Through all his misfortunes the young king kept his faith and courage. A story is told of how he learned patience and perseverance from a very little creature, and in personal bravery he was like a hero of legend. It is said that on one occasion, single-handed, he kept at bay a force of 200 men, with bloodhounds sent to track him, in the forests and morasses.

After a time the warlike English king died, and the Scottish monarch, having returned to his own country, raised an army and won a great victory which freed his country and won his own independence.

But years of hardship had brought on leprosy, from which he died at 55. His heart was taken from his body and embalmed, to be taken by his special request to the Holy Land. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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A Merry Heart Will Laugh at Care



DI MERRYMAN

SMITH had just bought a new dog, and he took his friend Jones to have a look at it. When they arrived at Smith's house they found the puppy turning round and round in a frenzied attempt to catch its own tail.

"What kind of a dog do you call that?" asked Jones.

"Er—a watch dog," replied Smith doubtfully.

"Oh, I see," said Jones. "I suppose he is winding himself up now?"

WHY is a ledger like a sculptor's studio?

Because it is full of figures.

Fond of Company

MY first denotes a company,
My second shuns a company,
My third calls a company,
My whole amuses a company.

What am I? *Solution next week*

How Is It Done?

TOMMY: "Please, teacher, can you move your brain?"

Teacher: "No, of course not!"

Tommy: "Then how do you change your mind?"

WHAT is the difference between a chatterbox and a looking-glass?

One speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.

Cross Word Puzzles

CROSS word puzzles, which are now so popular with grown-ups, are something like the old word square puzzles. In the word square we had four words which could be read across and down, thus:

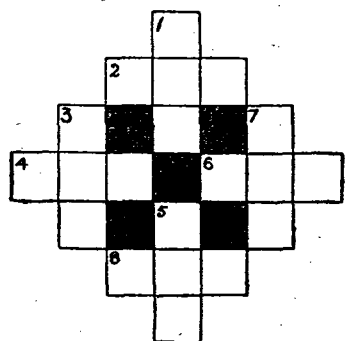
C H I N
H O S E
I S L E
N E E D

With cross word puzzles, however, we make different words reading across and down, thus:

H O M E
O V E R
S E A R
E N D S

But these puzzles are made more interesting by arranging the words in designs of white and black squares. Every word ends at a black square or at the border of the design.

For a start we give a very simple one, composed of the names of



animals. The squares are numbered where the words begin, and here are clues to the words:

READING DOWN.—1. A destructive animal. 3. The friend of man. 5. An animal sometimes found at church. 7. A greedy, dirty animal.

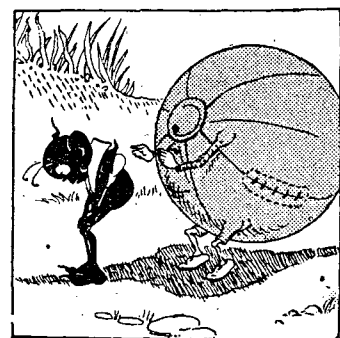
READING ACROSS.—2. An animal that catches mice. 4. An animal that is hunted. 6. An animal found on farms. 8. An animal of the sheep tribe.

Next week we shall give the solution, and set a puzzle which will be more difficult.

WHAT is the difference between a soldier and a clock?

A soldier marks time with his feet, and a clock marks time with its hands.

A Football Plays Leapfrog



"I AM used," said the Football, "to sturdy half-backs, and dodge them I frequently do."

"Well, here," chuckled Snap, as he bent like a bow, "is a regular full-back for you!"

Is Your Name Penrose?

THE rose which forms the suffix in so many British names, Bemrose, Diprose, and so on, does not mean the same thing in the different cases. Bemrose and Diprose have already been explained. Penrose is a combination of the two words, pen, a hill, and ros, a heath. No doubt the ancestor of the Penroses lived on a hilly heath, and was described as the man of the hill-heath.

In Darkest South America

A TAPIR remarked: "On my word, it is certainly somewhat absurd that the monkeys should fail to set fire to my tail. For a taper gives light, so I've heard!"

Self-Defence

"WHY did you laugh so heartily at that ancient story Mr. Borem was telling us?"

"Well, if I hadn't laughed he would have repeated it, thinking I hadn't seen the point."

What Am I?

I ALWAYS end the combat dire,
Although for fight I've no desire;

I join in every fierce debate,
Yet never with the Church or State.
You're sure to find me in your bath;
At night I often cross your path;
I'm first in every battle fought;
I'm much afraid of being caught;
The battle-axe, without my aid,
Could ne'er ward off the warrior's blade;

In fact, no battery could stand
Unless I lent a helping hand;
Without me girls would lose a play
They're fond of on a summer's day;

At battledore they'd never more
Be heard to count a twentieth score.
I am a quiet, harmless thing;
I never bawl, or loudly sing;
Two distinct species, you will find,
Are in my person nicely joined.

Answer next week

Result of the Painting Contest

THE first prize of £1 in the painting contest described in the C.N. for December 6 has been awarded to Florence Norris, 2, Carlton Terrace, Onchan, Isle of Man; and the five prizes of 2s. 6d. each to Doris Dickins, Plumstead; Greta Peskett, Crawley; R. Toogood, Burwell; Molly Wilcox, Bournville; and F. Witherby, Brinklow.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE
A Riddle in Rhyme. Chess-board

Jacko Earns Ten Shillings

BELINDA was in a terrible way when she came round one morning.

"I have lost Fluffy," she said, looking very worried.

Fluffy was her cat, and, according to Jacko, a more unpleasant animal never walked on four legs. It was a prize cat, and Belinda made such a fuss of it that it was thoroughly pampered and spoilt. It only thought of its meals, and it lay in front of the fire all day, and would never play with Jacko.

But Belinda thought the world of Fluffy.

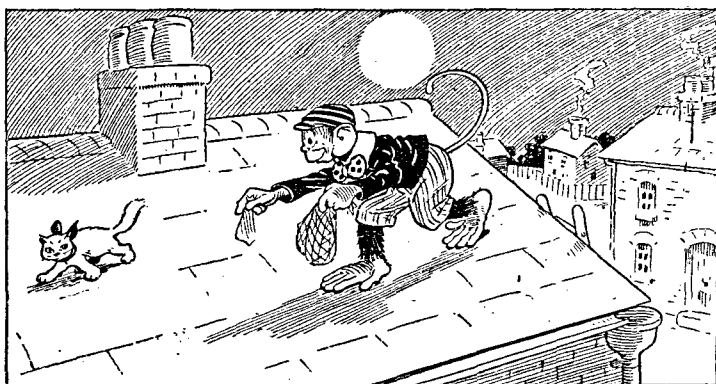
"Fancy him going off and leaving me like that!" she said tearfully. "Such a good home he's had, too. I can't make it out at all."

"A good riddance, I call it," said Jacko. "Who wants a good-for-nothing cat that has never caught a mouse in its life?"

Belinda said he was very unkind. She was just going to sit down and have a good cry over it when the clock struck twelve, and she suddenly remembered her husband's dinner. And off she went as fast as she could go!

The next morning a notice appeared in the *Monkeyville Express*. "Ten Shillings Reward," it read, "to anybody restoring beautiful white Persian cat to sorrowing owner."

Jacko's eyes grew round.



Jacko scrambled up a water-pipe and was soon on the roof

"Coo! Belinda *must* be green," he said. "The animal's not worth it."

But whether the cat was worth it or not, ten shillings was worth a lot to Jacko. He didn't see why he shouldn't have a shot for it.

That night, when everybody was fast asleep, he crept out of the house, having armed himself with Mrs. Jacko's string bag and a piece of fish he had found in the larder. It was a bright moonlight night, and, as he had expected, all the cats of the neighbourhood were slinking about, making the most weird noises.

And, sure enough, when he got to Belinda's house, there was Fluffy. He was sitting on the roof, having a little concert all on his own.

"Here's a bit of luck," said Jacko.

He scrambled up a water-pipe, and was soon on the roof, calling to Fluffy and holding out the fish to him. And, luckily, Fluffy happened to be *very* hungry. He couldn't resist the fish, and while he was eating it Jacko popped the string bag over him.

But when he got down to the ground again somebody seized him by the collar, and there was a big, burly policeman!

"Caught you in the act," he said triumphantly, "a-stealing of a valuable animal!"

He wouldn't listen to a word Jacko had to say, but banged at the door of the house until Joe and Belinda came down, scared out of their lives at being knocked up in the middle of the night.

And when they saw the policeman Belinda nearly fainted!

But they soon got rid of him. And Jacko made off, too—the moment he had got his ten shillings!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Time is Money

The town of Goschen, in Massachusetts, has benefited from the foresight of one of her citizens a century ago.

In 1824 he left the sum of £20 to the town on condition that it was not to be touched for 100 years, so that the compound interest could be added all the time. The money has now grown to £4000, and a public library is being built with it.

Le Temps, c'est de l'Argent

La ville de Goschen, Massachusetts, a tiré profit de la prévoyance d'un de ses citoyens d'il y a cent ans.

En 1824 il légua la somme de vingt livres sterling à la ville, à la condition qu'on n'y toucherait pas pendant cent ans, de manière que l'intérêt composé s'accumulât pendant cette période. La somme se monte actuellement à 4000 livres sterling, et est vouée à la construction d'une bibliothèque publique.

Tales Before Bedtime

Betty's Bear

BILLY said Betty was silly because she always held Jane's hand so tight whenever they went for a walk through the wood.

Betty knew Daddy had told them that all the wolves and bears had been driven out of England ages and ages ago, but she couldn't help thinking that perhaps there was just *one* bear left after all, hiding behind a tree ready to pop out suddenly and hug her.

Betty was more afraid of bears than wolves. It was a wolf that ate Red Riding Hood, of course; but bears were worse, because they hugged and squeezed you till you had no breath left. Billy said so.

At Christmas-time the children were invited to Mr. Carne's party. Mr. Carne had just come to live at the Hall, and he was so fond of children that he gave a party for them.

Nobody enjoyed it more than Betty, until somebody spoilt it all by saying: "Oh, *do* let's have a game of hide-and-seek in the dark!"

Billy was the one chosen to seek the others, who all rushed upstairs to hide—all but Betty, who was as much afraid of the dark as she was of bears.

She slipped into a room leading out of the hall, and found herself quite in the dark, except for the firelight on the hearth, and there, lying in front of the fire, was a big, crouching bear!

Betty didn't scream. She stood quite still and cold, and thought to herself, "If I don't let him hug me he'll



Betty stood quite still

fly out and hug Billy. I *must* be brave."

Then suddenly the door burst open, and in came Mr. Carne and switched on the lights.

"Hullo! Who's there? Well, little girl, how do you like my hearthrug from the Rocky Mountains?" he cried, putting an arm round Betty.

The great crouching bear was only a bear's *skin* stretched before the fire! Betty gave such a sigh of relief.

When she told Billy he said, "That was rather plucky of you, Bettykins." And the strange part is that Betty isn't in the least afraid of bears now.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 10, 1925

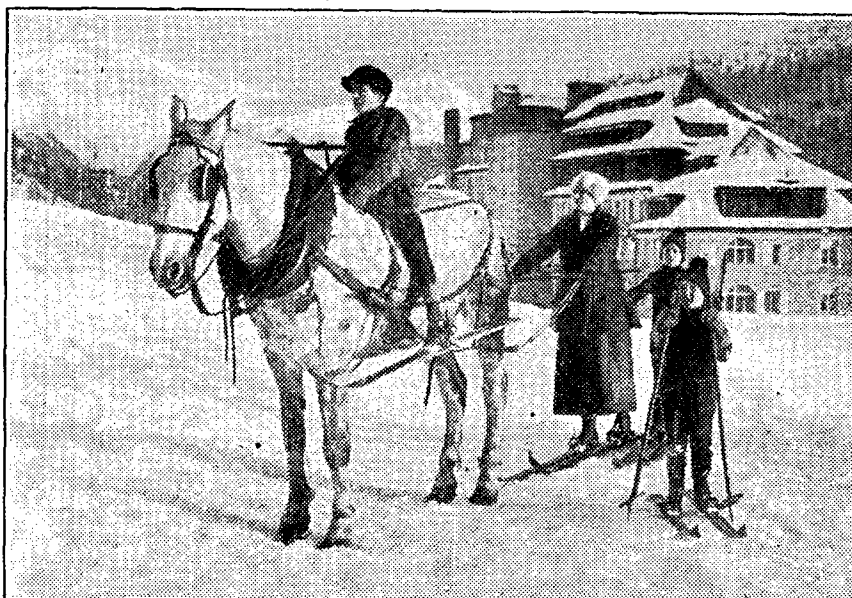
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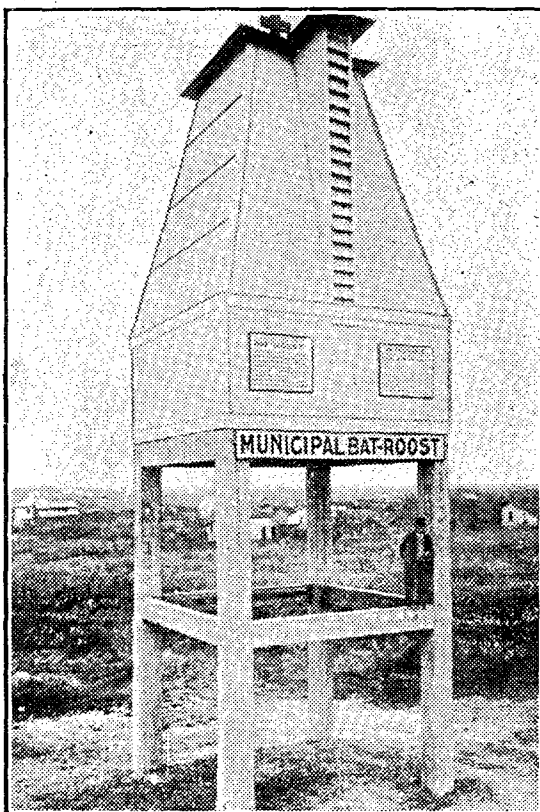
STRANGE TRAVELLERS IN LONDON STREETS · A CITY'S HOME FOR THE BATS



A Strange Sight in the Streets of London—The other day Londoners were surprised to see two elephants and a camel taking a walk through the streets as though they were in the habit of doing so every day. They belonged to a menagerie and had just arrived at Victoria Station



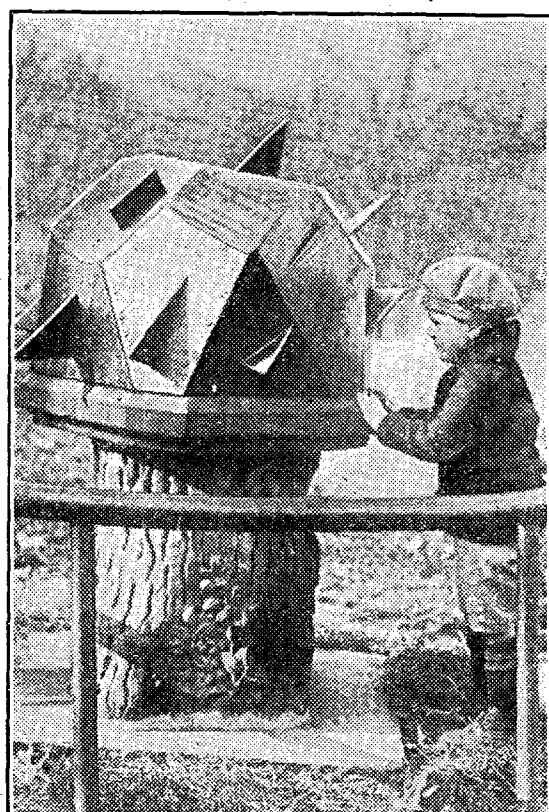
Transport Methods in the Alps—This is the way many visitors to the winter sports in Switzerland go from their hotels to the ski-ing grounds. It is very exhilarating to be drawn rapidly over the snow by a trotting or galloping horse; although skill is needed to prevent a fall



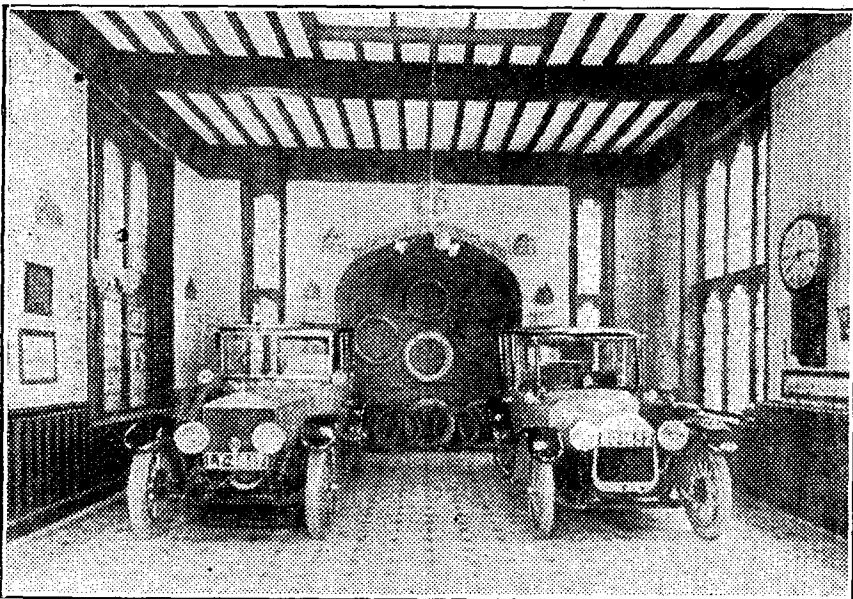
A Municipal Bat Roost—This tower, the size of which is seen by the man, was erected by the city of San Antonio, U.S.A., as a roost for bats, which destroy harmful insects



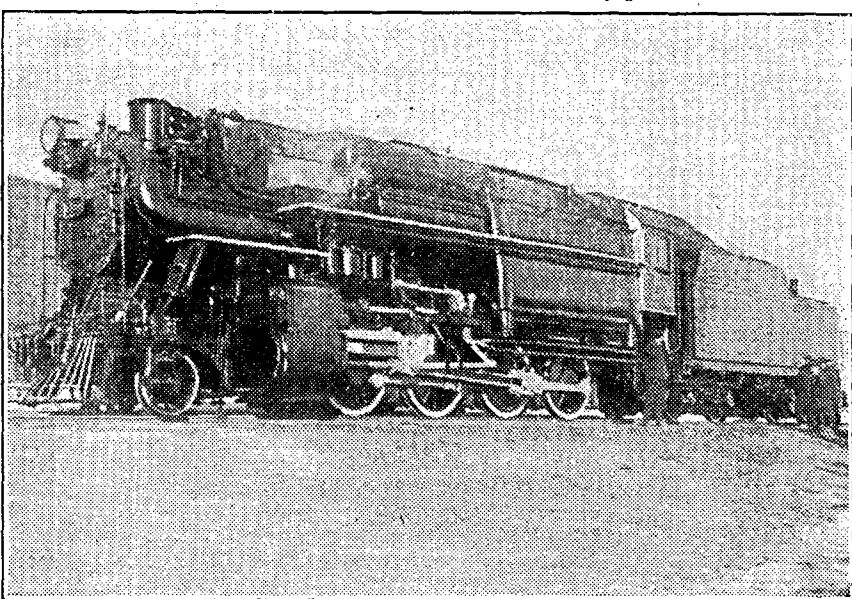
The Pet Goose Goes for a Walk—Here is a goose being taken for a walk in Hyde Park, London, by its owner. The unusual sight attracted much attention. The goose was well behaved



The Universal Sundial—A strange-looking sundial recently set up in the Druid Hall Park, Baltimore, has many faces, and by its aid the time in many great cities can be told



A Historic Garage—This imposing garage, which now stands on the Littleton Park Estate, near Shepperton, and is for sale, was originally the robing room built for the coronation of King Edward the Seventh, in 1902. It was taken down section by section and re-erected



A Giant Locomotive—The engine shown in this picture is one of the new monster locomotives built for the Delaware and Hudson Railroad by the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady. It is claimed to be one of the most efficient types of engine now running anywhere

12s. FOR A YEAR'S DELIGHT—ORDER THE C.N. MONTHLY FOR 1925

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